

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
FOR
SOCIAL WORSHIP.

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More particularly designed for the Use of the
TABERNACLE and CHAPEL CONGREGATIONS.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Late of Pembroke College, Oxford,
and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Countess of Huntingdon.

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED,
WITH SOME ORIGINAL HYMNS,
A NEW TABLE OF CONTENTS,
and
A SKETCH OF Mr. WHITEFIELD'S LIFE

By M. WILKS.

LONDON:

SOLD AT THE CHAPEL, TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD;
AND AT THE TABERNACLE, NEAR MOORFIELD.

1798.

[Entered at Stationer's Hall.]

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

ADDRESSED TO THOSE YOUNG PERSONS WHO
USE THE FOLLOWING COLLECTION OF
HYMNS, AND WHO, THROUGH GRACE, SING
WITH THE SPIRIT AND WITH THE UNDER-
STANDING.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

SELDOM has the biographic page presented a life so distinguished and eminent as that of Mr. Whitefield. Seven and twenty years having elapsed since his death, it is impossible that you could have enjoyed the opportunity of listening to the persuasive and powerful discourses that fell from his lips; but you have heard his good report, you revere his memory, and will, I am persuaded, be gratified by the following concise account of this excellent man.

Several of his ancestors were gentlemen of independent fortunes; and others of them ranked among the beneficed clergy of the Established Church: but *he* was the seventh, and youngest child of Mr. Thomas Whitefield, an Inn-keeper, at Gloucester, who died when this his son was only two years old.

Mr. Whitefield was born on the 16th of December 1714, and, at a proper age, was placed at the public grammar-school in his native city; where he made considerable proficiency in the Latin Classics. The early appearance of a sprightly genius, and the uncommon eloquence of the speeches which he delivered at the annual visitations of the school, gained him great applause.

While at this seminary of instruction, his mind was frequently impressed with a high sense of the fear of God, which led him to the exercise of many religious duties; but the hopes excited by these flattering appearances were often disappointed, by relapses into youthful indiscretions.

Mercifully for him, at about the age of sixteen it pleased God, by his Holy Spirit, to revive former impressions; and by working a gracious change in his disposition, to direct his extraordinary talents to a work which proved beneficial to the souls of thousands. From this period, his character was decided; and, leaving his companions in folly, he became serious, devout and exemplary.

Above all things he now desired to be engaged in the gospel ministry, and therefore employed himself in studies which were favourable to that design. At seventeen, he received the sacrament; and at eighteen was

sent to Oxford. Few ever entered the University with a greater degree of seriousness, though little of it flowed from that faith which brings peace and joy. Harrased by inward corruptions, he was resolved, by fasting and other bodily austerities, intirely to mortify them all; that he might be the better qualified to serve God without distraction. But alas! this experiment nearly cost him his life; and left him as remote from the object of his wishes as at first. His knowledge of salvation by the righteousness of Christ, and of the absolute necessity of divine influences, was, at that time, extremely superficial; but he soon received considerable assistance upon these, and some other truths of the gospel, by reading a puritannical author, and by conversing with Mr. Charles Wesley, and other pious students.

He began his extraordinary career, while an under Graduate at College, by visiting the prisoners, praying with the sick, and instructing the poor. These exercises were rendered useful to his own soul, and in some measure, prepared him to stand before large assemblies.

Good Bishop Benson, delighted with his piety and zeal, offered him Holy Orders, when only twenty-one years of age; which at the earnest request of his friends, he accepted; and, after fasting and prayer, was ordained on the 30th of June, 1736.

His first sermon was delivered to a crowded auditory in the church where he had been baptized; and had also received the sacrament. Here he obtained mercy to be faithful; and God, by his spirit, gave testimony to the word of his grace, in the conversion of several persons. To such an evangelical, pointed, and animated address, his fellow parishioners had long been unaccustomed. A few appeared disposed to treat it with ridicule; but a serious attention pervaded the greater part of the congregation. In the course of the week, complaint was made to the Bishop, that Mr. Whitefield had driven fifteen of his hearers mad, by this discourse; the good prelate replied, "that he wished the madness might continue till the next Sunday."

Shortly after, he was called to London, where he officiated in the Tower, two months; and also preached to large and affected auditories, in several churches. The first sermon he delivered in the metropolis, was in Bishopgate church. Having a remarkably young look, some of the people exhibited a smile of contempt, as he ascended the pulpit; but he had not proceeded far in his address, before their sneers were changed into signs of approbation.

The same year he spent two months at Dummer in Hampshire; and afterwards visited Gloucestershire; where he preached in many churches with astonishing success. Several lucrative offers were soon made to him, all of

which he declined, having received a pressing invitation from the Rev. John Wesley, then in Georgia, to assist him in that distressed colony. Accordingly, after having preached in London, Bristol, Bath, Gloucester, and other places, to immense crowds, he embarked for America, in December 1738, leaving thousands drowned in tears at his departure.

The ship in which he sailed, full of profane officers and soldiers, from a *Luz*, soon became a *Dethel*. The cards and impure tracts were thrown into the sea; and replaced with bibles and devotional books. Of the remarkable displays of divine grace on the officers, the crew, and passengers, during this voyage, Mr. Whitefield frequently makes mention, many years after, with peculiar gratitude and pleasure.

On his arrival at Savannah, he was gladly received by a few serious friends, the fruits of Mr. Wesley's ministry; and was treated with great respect by the higher orders of the people. During his residence there, his active mind began to revolve upon some plan, for improving that miserable colony; and it appearing to him, that the erection of an *Orphan house*, would be a likely means to promote such a desirable object, he began to take measures for carrying it into immediate effect. After a short stay, he re-embarked for England, leaving behind him some seals to his ministry, both in South Carolina, and in Georgia.

No sooner was his return announced, than multitudes pressed to hear him; and his popularity continually increased. Hitherto he had glided down the stream, of general applause, without opposition; but the servant must not always be above his Lord. The carnal clergy becoming jealous, began to deny him the use of their pulpits; but the sacred fire of divine love that glowed in his soul, could neither be quenched nor confined. Nothing intimidated by their refusal, he resolved to change the scene of action; and therefore betook himself to field preaching. This was a novelty; but it was necessary in its nature, and providential in its effects: for the churches could not hold one third of the people who pressed to hear him; and when he preached at Moorfields, Blackheath, Kennington Common, and other places, his auditories frequently consisted, of near thirty thousand souls.

The clergy, not satisfied with having excluded him from their churches, now excited against him persecutions of various kinds; but he found in the presence and blessing of his divine Master, those sources of consolation, which urged him forward without fear or intermission; and so numerous were his engagements in preaching, writing, and conversing with persons under distress of soul, that he had scarcely leisure for meals and sleep.

During this year he took an excursion thro' several counties, and the power of God every where accompanied his labours. He also visited Bath, Bristol, and other towns, and was much refreshed in seeing the effects of his former ministrations. While at Bristol, contrary to the advice of many of his friends, he went to Kingswood, a large colliery, through which a stranger durst scarcely pass in the day time, for fear of the grossest insults. Knowing that grace could change lions into lambs, he boldly ventured himself among those sons of violence, and the Lord wrought wonders. The wilderness soon blossomed; and instead of outrage and discord, the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. Ever since that period, no colliery has equalled Kingswood in civility and genuine christianity.

Having collected above a thousand pounds, he embarked in November 1739, a second time, for America; and landing at Philadelphia, preached to attentive multitudes, in his way to Georgia, with the same divine unction and success, as had accompanied the word in his native country.

In March following, he laid the foundation of his intended *Orphan-House*, which he named *Bethesda*; or *The House of Mercy*. To many it proved a house of mercy indeed; but to himself, a source of almost perpetual care and anx-

lety; and had he not been persuaded, that it was a principal part of his charge, a family given him of God, the difficulties in which it involved him, would have overwhelmed his spirits. Thirteen times he crossed the Atlantic for its benefit, and expended fourteen thousand pounds for its support; eleven thousand of which was contributed by a generous public. Here the over-ruling providence of God, by these means enlarging the sphere of his usefulness, cannot be sufficiently admired. Pressed by the urgent calls of these beloved orphans, he was induced to take the range of Great Britain and America to obtain assistance; and wherever he went, the power of the Holy Ghost attended his labours; so that thousands, in both hemispheres, were savingly converted to God.

In March, 1741, he returned to London; and Mr. Wesley having renounced connection with him, on account of his Calvinistic sentiments, he erected a temporary shed to accommodate his hearers in the Winter; for which reason he called it a *Tabernacle*.

In the same year he visited Scotland, where his ministry was attended with uncommon energy and success. On his return through Wales, he married Mrs. James, a pious widow lady of Abergavenny. By her he had an only son, of whom he indulged some extravagant hopes, concerning his future usefulness, in the

Church of Christ; but by the death of the child, when only four months old, he was led to acknowledge the folly of attending to impressions, not founded on the word of God.

From this period to the close of the year 1752, he was fully employed in itinerating in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and America; sometimes at the hazard of his life, from persecution, and often brought to the borders of the grave, by incessant labour and fatigue. Being once very ill, in America, he was laid upon a bed on the ground, near the fire, and heard his friends say, "He is gone;" But God was pleased to recover him; on which, a poor negro-woman, looking earnestly in his face, said, in her broken language: "Master, you just go to heaven's gate; but Jesus Christ say, get you down, get you down; you must not come here yet; but first go and call some more poor negroes."

In the year 1753, he founded the present Tabernacles in London and Bristol; and in the year 1756, after much opposition in Long-Acre, erected the chapel in Tottenham-court-road; which soon proving too small, was considerably enlarged.

The next year he visited Scotland and Ireland; and when at Dublin, was cruelly stoned by a popish rabble, and would certainly have been murdered, had not a kind minister opened

his door to shelter him. His wounds having been washed, a coach was procured, and amidst the oaths and imprecations of the blood thirsty mob, he got safe home, and joined his friends in singing a hymn of thanksgiving; "leaving," says he, "my persecutors to the mercy of him, who of persecutors, has often made preachers. I pray God, I may be thus avenged on them."

Not long after he underwent a new kind of persecution, being ridiculed on the stage, in a very blasphemous Farce, called the Minor; written by Mr. Foote, the comic actor. The design of this piece was to injure his character, and thus to drive him from the neighbourhood of the theatres; but the attempt miscarried; for the circumstance excited the curiosity of great numbers to hear a man, who was held up to such public ridicule, and the effect was, that many of all ranks were savingly brought to God. Thus the wrath of man was made to praise the Redeemer!

About the year 1762, being greatly debilitated by incessant labour, he made a voyage to Holland, for the recovery of his health. Here he exhibited such abilities and zeal as astonished all who heard him, and was rendered instrumental to the conversion of many souls.

In August, 1768, Mrs. Whitefield died; and he had the fortitude to preach her funeral sermon; in which he expressed a hope that, from

the state of his health, having recently burst a blood vessel, he should shortly be with her in glory.

The next year, he embarked the last time for his beloved America, where he continued to labour with growing reputation and success, till Sunday the 30th of September, 1770, when he was suddenly called to receive the crown of life from the hands of his divine Master, whose gospel he had faithfully dispensed five and thirty years. On the preceding noon, he had preached out of doors to a numerous congregation; and afterward rode to the house of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Newbury-Port, near Boston, for whom he was to have preached the next day. In the night he was seized with a violent fit of the asthma. At every interval of ease he earnestly recommended his friends, on both sides of the Atlantic, to the protection and grace of God; and about six o'clock in the morning fell asleep in Jesus, in the 56th year of his age.

Individuals, as well as congregations, were now very anxious that the dust of a minister whom they so highly valued, should lie near them. Mr. Sherborne of Portsmouth, offered to bear the whole expence of the funeral, and to inter his remains in his own family vault. The same evening, a deputation from Boston, waited upon Mr. Parsons, requesting they might

be carried to that town; but he, equally regarding his memory, rather chose to deposit them in a tomb under his own pulpit.

The funeral was solemn and affecting: all the bells in the town were tolled; and all the vessels in the port displayed the signals, used on mourning occasions. Numerous funeral sermons were preached, throughout America; and the congregations to whom he had ministered the word of life, vied with each other, in tokens of respect to his memory.

On November the fifth, the melancholy intelligence of his decease, reached his native country; and was felt like an electrical shock throughout the kingdom. The Rev. John Wesley, according to an engagement which he had entered into with the deceased, preached the funeral sermons, to his afflicted congregations in London; and ministers of every denomination in England, Scotland, and Wales, gave public testimony, in their discourses, of their high esteem for his character, and of their unfeigned grief for the loss which the church of Christ had sustained by his death; and even the tongue of slander was constrained to unite in the general commendation.

Mr. Whitefield was rather above the middle size, and latterly corpulent; his countenance was fair, his dress neat, and his whole appearance graceful and majestic. No man, with a cast

in one of his eyes, strongly marked, ever looked with greater sensibility. His voice was shrill as the martial trumpet, symphonious as a well tuned instrument; and his mode of address, graced with all the charms of natural oratory. He possessed an entire control over the passions of his auditories, and ever appeared to participate with them, in the impressions made by his own discourses. His sentiments were conformable to the doctrinal articles of the Established Church. In discipline, he preferred Episcopacy; but professed the greatest liberality and affection towards Evangelical Dissenters; with whom he maintained the most friendly intercourse all his days. In preaching, his subjects were generally such as met the miseries of a ruined sinner, and exalted the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. In illustrating and applying his doctrines, his talent was truly admirable and original. In literary attainments he was not defective; but his acquaintance with men and things was scarcely equalled. A cheerful and pious disposition, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, in the application of which he possessed a peculiar talent, rendered his conversation edifying and enlivening.

No minister ever experienced more fully, the extremes of slander and commendation; or supported both with greater fortitude. That of doing good, was the only object he had in views

and this so much engrossed his concern, as to outweigh every consideration, of personal ease or safety; and to urge him forward with increasing ardour, through evil and good report, to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. Like the angel in the revelations, he flew thro' the midst of heaven, with the everlasting gospel; neither could jealousy clip his wings, nor envy obscure his lustre; neither perils nor persecutions could abate his zeal, nor quench his love for immortal souls.

Since the first age of christianity, no man ever travelled more miles, or preached more frequently, in the course of five and thirty years. The collections he made for public charities were unexampled; and the number of converts no less extraordinary. To him, under God, does the christian church owe much of its present glory; for he was the instrument of kindling a flame on the altars of Zion, which has increased in strength, and lustre to the present day. May it continue to burn, unquenchably, like the sacred fire of the Hebrew temple.

The above account is given, not only as a tribute of respect to Mr. Whitefield, but as a stimulus to our exertions. His labours were prodigious, and his glory is, no doubt, proportionate: let us follow him, as he followed Christ, and in due time we shall, reap if we faint not.

Jan. 1, 1798.

M. WILKS.

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H Y M N S

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I.

At the Opening of Worship.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,

His waiting family inspire

With joy, and peace, and love!

How wretched do our souls appear,

If thou refuse to bless?

We seem to utter heartless prayer,

And offer vain address.

Wake, heav'nly wind, arise and come,

Blow on the drooping field:

Our spices then shall breathe perfume,

And fragrant incense yield.

Touch, with a living coal, the lip

That shall proclaim thy word,

And bid each awful hearer keep

Attention to the Lord.

Then shall we prove thy worship sweet,

And love thy sacred courts;

Where saints in blest communion meet,

And God, *our* God resorts.

B

HYMN II. *The Same.*

FAR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone,
 Let our religious hours alone :
 O may our eyes our Saviour see !
 We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our hearts with holy fire !
 And kindle there a pure desire ;
 Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed our souls with heavenly love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thine entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen, or Angels known !

HYMN III. *Public Worship.*

LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Oh ! do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
 Lord, on thee, our souls depend !
 In compassion now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

one,
 In thine own appointed way
 Now we seek thee; here we stay;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow:
 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart,
 Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
 Bid the time of joy return;
 Those that are cast down lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope;
 Grant that those who seek, may find,
 Thee a God supremely kind:
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N IV. *The Same.*

COME, worship at Immanuel's feet;
 See in his face what wonders meet;
 Words are too feeble to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.

When shall we climb those higher skies,
 Where storms and tempests never rise;
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 And shines, and reigns the God of grace?

Nor earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears,
 His beauties we can never trace,
 'Till we behold him face to face.

H Y M N V. *Invitation.*

HITHER ye poor, ye sick, ye blind
 A fin-disorder'd, trembling throng
 To you the gospel calls—to you,
 Messiah's blessings all belong.

Reason's and virtue's boasting sons
 Derive no blessings from this tree:
 For sinners only Jesus dy'd;
 Then sure I hear, he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our griefs Messiah groan'd;
 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd
 Our punishment he took, he bore;
 And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake each heart, arise each soul,
 And join the blissful choirs above:
 May nothing tune our future song,
 But heavenly wisdom, heavenly love!

H Y M N VI. *The Same.*

SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
 Haste to the supper of your Lord:
 Be wise to know your glorious day,
 All things are ready—come away!

Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late-returning son;
 Ready the loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony heart to move ;
 T'apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal you sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate :
 Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 And live the subjects of his grace.

H Y M N VI. *The Same.*

LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice ;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind.

Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd,
 A soul reviving feast ;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst,
 With springs that never dry.

Dear Lord ! the treasures of thy love,
 Are everlasting mines ;
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins !

The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

H Y M N. VIII *Thanksgiving.*

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
 Let all the Pow'rs within thee join,
 In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favours claim thy highest praise :
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
 Be lost in silence and forgot ?

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his son,
 To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives,
 The hourly follies of our lives.

Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs ;
 His mercy crowns our growing years :

He satisfies our mouths with good,
And feeds our hopes with heav'nly food.

Let the whole earth his pow'r confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

H Y M N IX. *The Same.*

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise.
So ready to abate.

High as the heaven's are rais'd,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field.
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find,
Thy word of promise sure.

HYMN X. *God's Goodness to his People.*

THE Lord supplies his people's need,
 Jehovah is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes them feed,
 Besides the living stream.

He brings their wand'ring spirits back,
 When they forsake his ways;
 And leads them, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

When they walk thro' the shades of death,
 His presence is there stay;
 A word of his supporting breath,
 Drives all their fears away.

His hand, in fight of all their foes,
 Doth still their table spread;
 Their cup with blessings overflows,
 His oil anoints their head.

The sure provisions of our God,
 Attend us all our days:
 O may his house be our abode,
 And all our work his praise.

H Y M N XI. *Morning worship.*

O Lord, how many are our foes,
 In this weak state of flesh and blood,
 Our peace they daily discompose,
 But our defence and hope, is God.

Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
 To thee we rais'd an ev'ning cry;
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray,
 And thine almighty help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
 We laid us down and slept secure;
 Not death should make our hearts afraid,
 Though we should sleep and rise no more.

But God sustain'd us all the night;
 Salvation doth to God belong:
 He rais'd our heads to see the light,
 And he shall have our morning song.

H Y M N XII. *The Same.*

RISE, our souls, to praise the care
 Of Jesus true and good:
 Sing to him whose robes appear,
 As newly-dipt in blood:
 By his pow'r we live to see,
 The dawnings of another day:
 Farther favour'd may we be,
 When here no more we stay.
 O may we in righteousness,
 In Jesu's arms awake;
 And the joys that saints possess,
 With them ere long partake:
 With our common Father sit,
 And in his heav'nly kingdom praise,
 Bowing down before his feet)
 The riches of his grace.

HYMN XIII. *The Same.*

COME, let us adore
 The Lord's gracious hand,
 Upheld by his pow'r,
 Securely we stand;
 He charged his angels,
 To watch round our bed;
 To guard us from evils,
 From dangers and dread.

Our Shepherd alone,
 The Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne,
 The Prince of our peace;
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God!

We daily will sing
 Thy merits, thy praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace,
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell:
 And say, our dear Saviour,
 Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
 While here we abide;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide

Thy glorious salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful vision,
Completed in thee.

H Y M N XIV. *The Same.*

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of righteousness arise,

Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompany'd by thee;

Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see.

Lord, thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

Visit ev'ry soul of thine,

Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

Fill with radiancy divine,

Scatter all our unbelief;

More and more thyself display,

Shining to the perfect day.

H Y M N XV. *Evening Worship.*

THE Saviour who kept us to-day,

The Lamb who took our sins away,

Our thankful souls shall bless;

Thou worthy art, O Son of God,

Of endless praise; for in thy blood,

Saints sweetly rest in peace.

We lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
 With all thy angels us wilt guard;
 Our souls to thee we trust;
 Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep,
 Our souls among the fellowship
 Of saints, through thee made just.

H Y M N XVI. *The Same.*

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
 Let incense flames arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up,
 Our ev'ning sacrifice.

Awake, our love, awake, our joy;
 Awake, our heart and tongue:
 Sleep not—when mercies loudly call
 Break forth into a song.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were,
 More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favours, and new joys,
 Do a new song require;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our heart's desire.

Lord of our time, whose hand hath set,
 New time upon our score;
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN XVII. *Morning or Evening.*

O GOD, how endless is thy love,
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command,
 To thee we consecrate our days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN XVIII. *On the Lord's Day.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

Hosannah to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

Hosannah! in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

H Y M N XIX. *The Same.*

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day:
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place,
 Where our dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

O may we ever stay,
 In such a frame as this;
 And sweetly sing our souls away,
 To everlasting bliss.

H Y M N XX. *The Same.*

SWEET is the work, O God, our King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing:
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care should seize our breast;
 O may our hearts in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Our hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
 And bless thy work, and bless thy word;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels, how divine!

O may we see, and hear, and know,
 What mortals cannot reach below:
 May all our pow'rs find sweet employ,
 In thine eternal world of joy.

HYMN XXI. *Longing for the House of God.*

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are;
 To his abode, | With warm desire,
 My soul aspire, | To see my God.

O happy souls, that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear;
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there.
 They praise Christ | Who love the way
 | To Zion's hill.
 And happy they

They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.

O glorious feat,	Us thither bring,
Our God and King	To kiss thy feet.

The Lord his people loves :
His hand no good withholds,
From those his heart approves,
From praying humble souls ;
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee !

H Y M N XXII. *The Same.*

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are;
The new-born soul both longs and faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

Blest are the souls that find a place,
Within the temples of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set,
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and thro' the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

O may we walk with growing strength,
 'Till we all meet in heav'n at length;
 'Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

H Y M N XXIII. *Offices of Christ.*

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore:

All are too mean,		Too mean to set,
To speak his worth,		Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heav'nly grace:

My soul, with joy,		What forms of love
And wonder see,		He bears for thee!

Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bleis thy name;
 By thee the joyful news,
 Of our salvation came;

The joyful news,		Of hell subdu'd,
Of sins forgiv'n,		And peace with heav'n.

Jesus our great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
 Thou guilty sinner seek
 No sacrifice beside;

His pow'rful blood, | And now it pleads,
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

Thou dear almighty Lord,

Our conqu'ror, and our king;

Thy sceptre, and thy sword,

Thy reigning grace we sing.

Thine is the pow'r; | In willing bonds,

O may we sit, | Beneath thy feet:

H Y M N XXIV. *The Same.*

ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,

Our lovely Jesus stands,

And holds the promises,

And pardons in his hands:

Commision'd from | To make his grace

His Father's throne, | To mortals known:

Be thou our counsellor,

Our pattern, and our guide;

And through this desert land,

Still keep us near thy side.

O let our feet, | Nor rove, nor seek,

Ne'er run astray, | The crooked way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,

Whose watchful eye doth keep,

Poor wand'ring souls, among

The thousands of his sheep:

He feeds his flock, | His bosom bears,

He calls their names; | The tender lambs.

To this dear surety's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:

Believing souls, | For Christ hath paid
Now free are set; | Their dreadful debt.

Their Advocate appears,
For their defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by;

Not all that hell | Shall turn his heart,
Or Sin can say | His love away.

Then let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down;
Our Captain leads us forth,
To conquest and a crown:

A feeble saint, | Tho' death and hell,
Shall win the day, | Obstruct the way.

H Y M N XXV.

*Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification,
and Redemption.*

BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie, 'till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Lost guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
 'Till the atoning blood appears;
 Then they awake from deep distress,
 And sing, " the Lord our righteousness."

Jesus beholds where satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks,
 The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
 Thou art our mighty All, may we;
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

H Y M N XXVI. *The Same.*

HOW heavy is the night,
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 'Till Christ with his reviving light,
 Over our Souls arise.

Our guilty spirits dread,
 To meet the wrath of heav'n,
 But in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure,
 Are all our thoughts and ways;
 His hands infected nature cure,
 With sanctifying grace.

The pow'rs of hell agree,
 To hold our souls in vain;

He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the curst chain.
 Lord, we adore thy ways,
 That bring us near to God;
 Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

H Y M N XXVII.

To the Holy Ghost.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid,
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry waiting mind,
 With pleasures lasting, and refin'd,
 Thy temple in our hearts uprear,
 And take thine endless dwelling there.
 O source of uncreated heat,
 The Father's promis'd paraclete,
 Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
 Our souls with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.
 Our raging passions now control,
 Expel the tyrant from each soul,
 Lead us to Jesus crucify'd,
 And be his merits all apply'd;
 Our faith increase, our strength renew,
 And guide us all our journey through.

Then shall our silent, numb'ring tongues,
 Break forth in sweet, harmonious songs;
 The Father's grace shall be their theme,
 So shall the Saviour's balmy name;
 Nor shall the sacred Spirit's praise,
 Be banish'd from the notes they raise,

HYMN XXVIII.

The Same.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,

Let us thine influence prove;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for, mov'd by thee,
 The holy prophets spoke)

Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.

Expand thy wings, prolific Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night;

On our disorder'd spirits move,
 And let there now be light.

God thro' himself, we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine;

And sound, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

HYMN XXIX. *The Same.*

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring,
 Some tokens of thy grace.
 Hast thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n?
 When wilt thou banish our complaints,
 And shew our sins forgiv'n?
 Secure each conscience of its part,
 In the Redeemers blood,
 And bear thy witness in each heart,
 That it is born of God.
 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 Lay thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey us home.

HYMN XXX. *Christ's Birth.*

THE King of Glory sends his Son,
 To make his entrance on this earth:
 Hold the midnight bright as noon,
 And heav'nly hosts declare his birth.
 About the young Redeemer's head,
 What wonders and what glories meet!
 An unknown star arose, and led
 The eastern Sages to his feet.
 Joseph and Anna both conspire
 The infant Saviour to proclaim;

Inward they felt the sacred fire,
 And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
 And treat the holy child with scorn;
 Our souls adore th' eternal God,
 Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N XXXI. *The Same.*

HARK, the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 Nature, rise and worship him,
 Who was born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the virgin's womb,
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity,
 Pleas'd as man with men to appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life around he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy heav'nly home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

H Y M N XXXII. *The Same.*

WHAT good news the angels bring,
What glad tidings of our King;
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ who takes our sins away;
He who rules in heav'n and earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
Him shall all his people see,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky;
Glory be to God above!
God the infinite in love,
Now reveals his glorious plan,
Peace on earth, good-will to man!

Angels join with us in praise,
Join to sing redeeming grace.

Now the wall is broken down,
Now the gospel is made known;
Now the door is open wide,
Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd;
All who feel the weight of sin,
All who languish to be clean,
All who for redemption groan,
Must be sav'd by faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely name,
This the angels do proclaim;
He shall all his people save;
They in him remission have;
When they see themselves undone,
They take refuge in the Son;
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

Shout ye nations of the earth,
Sing the triumphs of his birth;
All the world by him is blest;
Sound his praise from east to west;
Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,
Christ our common Lord and King;
Christ our life, our hope, our joy,
Shall our endless praise employ.

H Y M N XXXIII. *The Same.*

FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,

And bleſs thee for the precious gift,

Of thine incarnate Son:

The gift unſpeakable,

We thankfully receive,

And to the world thy goodneſs tell,

O may we to thee live!

Jeſus, the holy child,

Doth by his birth declare,

That God and man are reconcil'd,

And one in him we are.

Salvation thro' his name,

To loſt mankind is given;

And loud his infant cries proclaim,

A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

A peace on earth he brings,

Which never more ſhall end;

The Lord of Hoſts, the King of Kings,

Declares himſelf our friend;

Aſſumes our fleſh and blood,

That we his Sp'rit may gain,

The everlaſting Son of God,

The mortal ſon of man.

O may we all receive,

The new-born Prince of Peace;

And meekly in his Spirit live,

And in his love increaſe;

'Till he conveys us home,

Cry ev'ry ſoul aloud,

“Come, thou deſire of nations, come,

And take us all to God.”

HYMN XXXIV. *The Circumcision of Christ.*

SEE, my soul, with wonder see,
 The incarnate Deity;
 Human nature he assumes,
 He to ransom sinners comes;
 He was not conceiv'd in sin,
 He was infinitely clean,
 Him no sinful spot disguis'd,
 Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all righteousness,
 Standing in our legal place;
 From the cradle to the cross,
 All he did he did for us:
 He did all our woes retrieve,
 He expir'd that we might live;
 By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
 By his blood our peace is seal'd.

Jesu's pain procures our ease,
 Jesu's death is our release,
 Jesu's cross obtains our crown,
 Jesu's sepulchre our throne.
 Lord, conform us to thy death;
 Bid our sins yield up their breath;
 By thy resurrection's pow'r,
 Make our souls to glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy hearts,
 Purify our inward parts;

Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
 That in thee we peace may find;
 In thy righteousness array'd,
 Let us triumph and be glad;
 Let us walk with thee in white,
 Till we see thy face in light.

H Y M N XXXV.

Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.

WITH joy we meditate the grace,
 Of our High-Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.
 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears;
 And in his measure feels afresh,
 What ev'ry member bears.
 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
 Then, let our humble faith address
 His mercy, and his power;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
 In the distressing hour.

HYMN XXXVI. *Christ's Passion.*

YE that pass by, behold the man,
The Man of Grief condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

See there, his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixt and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

Oh, thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move;
Help us to catch thy precious blood,
Help us to taste thy dying love.

The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Deliv'rer dy'd;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd.

At thy last gasp, the graves display'd,
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise.

The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part;
 O rend with thy expiring breath,
 The harder marble of our heart.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
 To great Jehovah's only Son;
 Awake my voice in heav'nly lays,
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 Jesus the Saviour came to die;
 He came t'atone Almighty wrath,
 And bring the distant rebel nigh.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 The almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
 The almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories sit,
 Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus the God exalted reigns;
 O may his praise fill all our tongues,
 And echo thro' the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XXXVIII. *The Same.*

WHAT equal honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb;
Since all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.

Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal, and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sins, and curse, and pain;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

HYMN XXXIX. *Christ's Resurrection.*

JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r;
From sin and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and see,
 Your Saviour cloath'd with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb;
 Restrain your griefs, dismiss your fears,
 In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.

His church is still his joy and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down,
 On her he did redeem;
 He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
 And prays that she may spoil her foes,
 And ever reign with him.

O may we all that pow'r partake,
 Which bids the dead in sins awake,
 And mounts the soul above;
 Then shall our active minds aspire,
 On wings of faith, and strong desire,
 To bask in Jesu's love.

H Y M N XL. *The Same.*

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more:
 Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
 Your rising God adore.
 The saints, when he resigns his breath,
 Unclose their sleeping eyes;
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod;
 He dies and suffers as a man,
 He rises as a God.
 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Forbid an early rise,
 To him who breaks the gates of hell,
 And opens paradise.

H Y M N XLI. *Christ's Ascension.*

CLAP your hands, ye people all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call;
 Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
 Triumph in his sov'reign grace.

Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the sky;
 Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
 Echo'ng to the trump of God.

Sons of men, the triumph join,
 Praise him with the hosts divine;
 Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Loud proclaim his conqu'ring love;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King.

Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
 Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n;

Jesus, power to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our heart.

H Y M N XLII. *The Same.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloath'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
There Jesus fills the middle seat,
Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of our songs,
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels strike their loudest strings,
Let *saints* their voices raise;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N XLIII. *The Same.*

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;

Christ a while to mortals giv'n,

Re-ascends his native heav'n:

There the pompous triumph waits,

"Lift your heads, eternal gates;

"Wide unfold the radiant scene,

"Take the King of Glory in!"

Circl'd round with angel-pow'rs,

Their triumphant Lord and ours,

Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and sin,

Take the King of Glory in.

Him though highest heav'n receives,

Still he loves the earth he leaves;

Though returning to his throne,

Still he calls mankind his own.

See, he lifts his hands above,

See, he shews the prints of love;

Hark, his gracious lips bestow,

Blessings on his church below;

Still for us he intercedes,

Prevalent his death he pleads;

Next himself prepares our place,

Harbinger of human race.

Master (may we ever say)

Taken from our head to-day;

See, thy faithful servants, see,

Ever gazing up to thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

Ever there may we remain,
Partners of thine endless reign:
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

H Y M N XLIV. *Christ's Intercession.*

WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T' appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.
No fi'ry vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's eye,
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues,
Our Maker's honours sing;

Jesus the Priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

H Y M N XLV. *The Same.*

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat,
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood;
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high'st;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.

H Y M N XLVI. *Praising Christ.*

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses, and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our hearts,
 Ascending with our tongues;
 Sing 'till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.

Sing 'till we hear Christ say,
 "Your sins are all forgiv'n;"
 Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
 'Till we all meet in heav'n.

H Y M N XLVII. *The Same.*

COME, my brethren, Israel's race,
 And hear me blefs my King;
 Hear me my beloved praise,
 My Jesus do I sing:
 Neither hear my song alone,
 But help, O help me, to proclaim
 Jesus, our Creator's Son;
 Jesus, that lovely name.

Others sing their time away,
 Who Jesus never knew;
 Ought not we to pass our day,
 In joy and singing too?
 Others, have they cause to blefs,
 The children of the King have more;
 They have Christ, their righteousness,
 Their glory, peace, and pow'r.

Bow thy throne, thou Son of God,
 And with a living coal,

From the altar, stain'd with blood,
 Inspire each drowsy soul :
 Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
 Or fully who can sing thy praise?
 Lord, we fail in hymns below,
 O teach us heav'nly lays.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Christ worshipped by all his Creatures.

COME, let us join our chearful songs,
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us !

Jesus is worthy to receive,
 Honour and pow'r divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name,
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLIX. *The Same.*

SURE thy name is wonderful,
 Counsellor, the mighty God ;

Whom the heav'nly hosts adore,
Praise we thro' the earth abroad.

Thou the godhead bearing down,
To the sight of mortal man;
Flesh in form, and God in pow'r,
Suited art to all thy plan.

Center'd in thy lovely face,
Judgment, mercy, both appear;
All the Father's honour meets,
All his glory triumphs here,

Wonderfully form'd to raise,
Adam's fallen, helpless race;
Form'd to purchase, and secure,
For thy people, boundless grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
Thou the Priest foretold to rise;
Thou the Sacrificer art,
And the wond'rous sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once wast slain,
Bleeding on the painful tree;
Risen and ascended high,
We adore thy majesty.

Wonderful art thou in pow'r,
Wonderful art thou in love;
Be thou all our theme below,
Be thou all our heav'n above!

Hallelujah.

HYMN L. *The Same.*

YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim;
 And publish abroad,
 His wonderful name;
 The name all victorious,
 Of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save;
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have;
 The great congregation,
 His triumph shall sing;
 Ascribing salvation,
 To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the throne;
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son;
 Our Jesus's praises,
 The angels proclaim;
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
 And give him his right;
 All glory and pow'r,
 And wisdom and might;

All honour and blessing,
 With angels above;
 And thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite love.

H Y M N LI. *Te Deum.*

HOW can we adore,
 Or worthily praise,
 Thy goodness and pow'r,
 Thou God of all grace;
 With honour and blessing,
 Before thee we fall;
 Most gladly confessing,
 Thee Father of all.

The heav'ns and earth,
 And water, and air,
 To thee owe their birth,
 Substist by thy care;
 While angels are singing,
 Thy praises above;
 We mortals are bringing,
 Our tribute of love.

Thou, Saviour, art one,
 With God the Supreme;
 His eternal Son,
 And equal with him;
 Invested with glory,
 On high dost thou sit;
 Whilst angels adore thee,
 And bow at thy feet.

How great was thy love,
 How wond'rous thy grace!
 Thou cam'st from above,
 To save a lost race;
 And man to deliver,
 Of Mary wast born,
 That ev'ry believer,
 To God might return.

How soon will thy seat,
 Of judgment appear;
 Prepare us to meet,
 And welcome thee there;
 Thy witnessing Spirit,
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit,
 The kingdom of God.

The Father and Son,
 And Spirit agree,
 To constitute one
 Complete Deity;
 Sweet Jesus, thy merit
 Restores us to God,
 And by thy good Spirit,
 Our souls are renew'd.

H Y M N L I L. *To the Trinity.*

BLEST be the Father, and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe,
 Rivers of endless joys above,
 And rills of comfort here below,

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
 Forth from thy wounded body rolls,
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
 Makes living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit we adore,
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom, or a shore.

H Y M N LIII. *The Same.*

HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee;
 Supreme; essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal three!

enthron'd in everlasting state,
 E'er time its round began;
 Thou join'dst in council to create,
 The dignity of man.

All that the name of creature owns,
 To thee in hymns aspire;
 May we (as angels on their thrones)
 For ever join the choir.

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee;
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd,
 In co-eternal three!

H Y M N LIV. *The Same.*

LET God the Father live,
 For ever on our tongues;
 Sinners from his free love derive,
 The ground of all their songs,
 Ye saints, employ your breath,
 In honour to the Son;
 Who bought your souls, from endless death,
 By off'ring up his own.
 Give to the Spirit praise,
 Of an immortal strain;
 Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys,
 Salvation down to men.
 While God the Comforter,
 Reveals our pardon'd sin;
 O may the blood and water bear,
 The same record within.
 To the great One in Three,
 That seal the grace in heav'n;
 The Father, Son, and Spirit be
 Eternal glory giv'n.

H Y M N LV. *The Same.*

WE give immortal praise,
 To God the Father's love;
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above;
 He sent his own
 Eternal Son,

To die for sins	To die for sins
That man had done.	That man had done.

To God the Son belongs,
 Immortal glory too;
 Who bought us with his blood,
 From everlasting woe;
 And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
 And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name,
 Immortal worship give;
 Whose new-creating pow'r,
 Makes the dead sinner live;
 His work completes, | And fills the soul,
 His great design, | With joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honours done;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One!
 Where reason fails, | There faith prevails,
 With all her pow'rs, | And love adores.

H Y M N LVI. *The Same.*

TO him that chose us first,
 Before the world began,
 To him that bore the curse,
 To save rebellious man;
 To him that form'd | Are endless praise,
 Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

The Father's love shall run,
 Through our immortal songs;
 We bring to God the Son,
 Hosannas on our tongues.

Our lips address, | With equal praise;
The Spirit's name; | And zeal the same.

Let ev'ry saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love,
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heav'n shall | When earth and time,
 raise, | Grow old and die.
His honours high, |

H Y M N LVII. *Angels praise the Lord.*

THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait,
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

While all his wond'rous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

HYMN LVIII. *The Brazen Serpent.*

WITH fi'ry serpents greatly pain'd,
 When Israel's mourning tribes com-
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd, [plain'd,
 A serpent straight the prophet made,
 Of molten brass, to view display'd;

The patients look'd and liv'd.

But, oh, what healing to the heart,
 Does Jesu's greater cross impart,

To those who seek a cure!

Israel of old, and we no less,

The same indulgent grace confess,

While life and breath endure.

To reason's view, so strange effect,

Self-righteous souls will still reject,

And perish in their pride;

Not so the stung with sin and law,

These all their rich salvation draw,

From Jesu's bleeding side.

May we then view the matchless cross,

And other objects count but loss,

No other gain explore;

Here still be fix'd our feasted eyes,

Teaming with tears of glad surprise,

And thankfully adore!

Hail, great Immanuel, balmy name!

Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim,

Thee we physician call;

We own no other cure but thine,
Thou the deliverer divine,
Our health, our life, our all.

HYMN LIX. *God made Man.*

O LORD our God, how wond'rous great,
Is thine exalted name;
The glories of thy heav'nly state,
Let men and babes proclaim.

When we behold thy work on high,
The moon that rules the night;
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

That thine eternal Son should bear,
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than the angels are,
To save a dying worm!

Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state,
Let the whole earth proclaim.

HYMN LX. *Faith in Christ.*

HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains;

And satan binds our captive souls,
Fast in his slavish chains!

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
Sounds from God's sacred word;

Ho, ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord!

O may we hear th' almighty call,
And run to this relief;

We would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief.

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;

There may we wash our spotted souls,
From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,

Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thy hands we fall;

Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our All.

H Y M N LXI. *Thanksgiving.*

MEET and right it is to sing,
Glory to our God and King;
Meet, in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse his solemn praise.

Join, ye saints, the song around,
 Angels, help the chearful sound;
 Publish thro' the worlds abroad,
 Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give,
 Gracious thou our thanks receive,
 Holy Father, sovereign Lord,
 Ev'ry-where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
 Sing we still in Jesu's name;
 Saviour, thee we ever bless,
 Thee our Lord and God confess.

HYMN LXII. *Therefore with Angels, &c.*

LORD and God of heav'nly pow'rs,
 Theirs—and oh benignly ours!
 Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
 Worms attempt to chant thy name.

Thee to laud in songs divine,
 Angels and archangels join;
 We with them our voices raise,
 Echoing eternal praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd;
 Full of thee, they ever cry,
 Glory be to God most high!

H Y M N LXIII. *Glory be to God on high, &c.*

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail, by all thy works ador'd,
Hail, the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r, and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's atonement thou.

Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy gracious Sire, art one;
One the Holy Ghost, with thee,
One supreme eternal Three.

H Y M N LXIV. *It is finished.*

TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head;

Whilst we this sentence scan ;
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquests of our Lord,
Complete for helpless man.

Finish'd the righteousness of grace :
Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace ;
Their mighty debt is paid ;
Accusing law, cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God,
In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew ;
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.

O unbelief, injurious bar,
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where e'er thy loud objections fall,
" 'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.

His toil divinely finish'd stands,
But lo, the praise his work demands,
Careful may we attend !
Conclusion to our souls be this,
Because salvation finish'd is,
Our thanks shall never end.

HYMN LXV. *Adoption.*

BEHOLD what wond'rous grace,
 The Father hath bestow'd,
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!
 Nor doth it yet appear,
 How great they will be made;
 But when they see their Saviour near,
 They shall be like their head.
 A hope so much divine,
 May trials well endure;
 And purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
 O Lord, if in thy love,
 We share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon each heart.
 Suffer us not to lie,
 As slaves before thy throne;
 Let each now, Abba Father, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXVI. *Enjoyment of Christ.*

LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,
 Shines thro' the beauties of thy face!
 O light our passions to a flame,
 Then shall we love thy charming name.
 Then will a scene of sacred joy,
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employ;

Then shall we long to gaze away,
A blest and everlasting day.

Send comforts, Lord, from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see,
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

H Y M N LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song,
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!

See where it shines, in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
Exult, my soul, at Jesu's name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

Oh that we all may reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

H Y M N LXVIII. *Looking to Jesus.*

HOW glorious the Lamb,
Is seen on his throne!

His labours are o'er,
 His conquests put on :
 A kingdom is giv'n,
 Into the Lamb's hand ;
 In earth and in heav'n,
 For ever to stand.
 Ye sinners below,
 Then trust in the Lord,
 Look up to his arm,
 His honour, his word :
 Athirst for his favour,
 His godhead adore ;
 Look up to your Saviour,
 And joy evermore.

H Y M N LXIX. *First and Second Adam.*

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own :
 Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
 Whence sprung our nature, and our shame,
 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law,
 We sing the honours of thy grace,
 That sent to save our ruin'd race.
 We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who join'd our nature to his own :
 Adam, the second, from the dust,
 Raises the ruins of the first.
 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
 There have the sons of Adam found,

Abounding life ; their glorious grace,
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.

H Y M N LXX. *Salvation.*

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears !
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
Till we arose, by grace divine,
To see an heavenly day.

Salvation, let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

H Y M N LXXI. *Christ's Victory over Satan.*

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
The prince of darkness flies ;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep ;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r,
And malice to the deep.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !
All hail, incarnate love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait,
To crown thy head above !

Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,
Thro' the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing,
The triumphs thou hast won!

H Y M N LXXII. *A blessed Gospel.*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know,
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N LXXIII. *Before Prayer.*

PRAISE to the Lord Jehovah's name,

And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,

And psalms of honour sing;

The Lord's a God of boundless might,

The whole creation's king.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his face;
 May we, the creatures of his pow'r,
 Be children of his grace.

H Y M N LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
 While in his holy courts ye wait;
 Ye saints, that to his house belong,
 Or stand attending at his gate,
 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
 To praise his name is sweet employ;
 Israel he chose of old; and still
 His church is his peculiar joy.
 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
 People and priests, exalt his name;
 Amongst his saints he ever dwells,
 His church is his Jerusalem.

H Y M N LXXV. *Praising God.*

GIVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord;
 The sov'reign King of Kings,
 And be his grace ador'd.

His pow'r and grace, | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise,

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.

Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure,
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word,

He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin;
And pity'd the sad state,
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure, | Abides thy word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

His pow'r and grace, | And let his name,
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

H Y M N LXXVI. *The Same.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Desiring Christ's Love to be shed abroad in the heart.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love, in ev'ry breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
 The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose pow'r can do,
 More than our thoughts or wishes know;
 Be everlasting honours done,
 By all the church, through Christ his Son.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in Christ.

NOW to the power of God supreme,
 Be everlasting honours giv'n;
 He saves from hell (we bless his name)
 He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n,

Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun,
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
 He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
 Before he spread the starry sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known;
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things.

Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,
 Of our almighty Father's throne:
 There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
 Cloath'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
 The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
 And sheds sweet glories in them all.

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That we shall mount to dwell above;
 And stand and bow among them there,
 And view thy face, and sing thy love?

H Y M N LXXX. *Inviting to Praise.*

COME, guilty souls and flee away,
 Like doves to Jesu's wounds
 This is the welcome gospel-day,
 Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son,
 To drink the cup of wrath;
 And Jesus says, he'll cast out none,
 That come to him by faith.

H Y M N LXXXI. *The Same.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise,
 Our hearts and voices in his praise;
 His nature and his works invite,
 To make this duty our delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
 There he prepares his fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And cloaths the smiling fields with corn;
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.

But faints are lovely in his sight;
 He views his children with delight;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

HYMN LXXXII. *The Same.*

YE seekers of God,
 Whose diligent care,
 Is ever employ'd
 His image to bear,
 With praises unceasing,
 Your Jesus proclaim;
 Rejoicing and blessing,
 His excellent name.

'Tis Jesus commands,
 Come all to his house,
 And lift up your hands,
 And pay him your vows;
 And whilst ye are giving
 Your Jesus his due,
 The Lord out of heav'n,
 Shall sanctify you.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Universal Praise.*

HARK! dull soul, how ev'ry thing,
 Strives t' adore our bounteous King;
 Each a double tribute pays,
 sings its part, and thus obeys.
 Wake, for shame, my slugggish heart,
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flow'rs,
 How t' employ thy nobler pow'rs.
 Call whole nature to thy aid,
 Since 't was He all nature made;

Join we in one endless song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy works ador'd ;
One in Three, and Three in One,
All things bow to thee alone.

H Y M N LXXXIV. *The New Creation.*

AT TEND, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own glories shew ;
" Behold, I sit upon my throne,
" Creating all things new.

" Nature and sin are past away,
" And the old Adam dies ;
" My hands a new foundation lay,
" See a new world arise !"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free
From our old state of sin ;
O make our souls alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within !

Renew our eyes, and form our ears,
And mould our hearts afresh ;
Give us new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell.

HYMN LXXXV. *Longing for Christ.*

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood;
Give us to taste thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be,
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear,
That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide,
Close shelter'd near thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN LXXXVI. *The Same.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?

Oh make me pant and thirst to prove,
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God,
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that we could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet,
Be this our happy choice;
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Thy only love may we require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above;
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give us thy precious love.

HYMN LXXXVII.

COME, my soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him rev'rence;

Bless him for his blood and name,
Sing his great deliv'rance.

Why should sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation?

Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation?

Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He (whose hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
Turn thee and discover,
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Who can happy make thee;
Gaze upon him who thee bought,
'Till to him he take thee.

Leave thine earthly cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour;
Count thou all beside but wind,
Trample on it ever.

H Y M N LXXXVIII. *The Christian Race.*

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.

O mighty God, thy matchless pow'r,
 Is ever new and ever young;
 And firm endures, while endless years,
 Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Believers drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 Oh may we mount to thine abode;
 On wings of love to Jesus fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

We love him, because he first loved us.

O F him who did salvation bring,
 Lord, may we ever think, and sing:
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, almighty King,
 All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring;
 Thou conquer'st all, beneath, above,
 Devils wth force, and men with love!

To cleanse our sins, Christ shed his blood,
 He dy'd to bring us near to God;
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love could shew.

H Y M N XC. *Preserving Grace.*

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies,
 Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present his saints,
 Unblemish'd and complete;
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed,
 Shall meet around the throne;
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

HYMN XCI. *To Jesus Christ.*

O THOU in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 Oh tune our souls to praise thy name;
 Jesus, unchangeable, the same!

If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their faces in their wing,
 How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
 'The great, the awful Deity!

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb!
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM!
 With all our pow'r, thy grace we bless,
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus, livè!
 Worthy all blessings to receive!
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet!

HYMN XCII. *Unfruitfulness.*

LONG have we sat beneath the sound,
 Of thy salvation, Lord;
 But still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word!

Oft we frequent thy holy place,
 Yet hear almost in vain;
 How small a portion of thy grace,
 Do our false hearts retain!

Our gracious Sayiour and our God,
 How little art thou known,
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne?

How cold and feeble is our love,
 How negligent our fear!
 How low our hopes of joys above,
 How few affections there!

Great God, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation on each heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.

Shew our forgetful feet the way,
 That leads to joys on high;
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

HYMN XCIII. *The Church, a Garden.*

ZION'S a garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground;
 A little spot inclos'd by grace,
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like spicy trees, believer's stand,
 Planted by an almighty hand;
 And all the springs in Zion flow,
 To make the rich plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume;

Spirit divine, descend, and breathe

A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make thou our spices flow abroad,

A grateful incense to our God ;

Let faith, and love, and joy appear,

And every grace be active here.

H Y M N XCIV. *Redemption found.*

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,

Who in thee begin to live,

Day and night they cry to thee,

As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind,

To thy cross our spirits bind ;

Earthly passions far remove,

Swallow up our souls in love.

Dust and ashes tho' we be,

Full of guilt and misery ;

Thine we are, thou Son of God,

Take the purchase of thy blood.

Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,

Love unspeakable are thine ;

Praise by all to thee be giv'n,

Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N XCV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

OUR drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ;
Awake each sluggish soul ;

Nothing has half our work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull!

The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchas'd with his blood!

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?

Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit, and warm our hearts.

Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

H Y M N XCVI.

Christ's Righteousness imputed to Believers.

HAPPY he who e'er believes,
The embassy of peace;
Who at Jesu's hand receives,
The gift of righteousness:
God is his salvation's God:
The Lord is his almighty shield;
He with grace shall be endow'd,
And then with glory fill'd.

Did the sin of Adam slay,
 And ruin all his race?
 Jesus takes our sins away,
 By suff'ring in our place;
 He perform'd what God requir'd,
 And answers all the law demands;
 In his righteousness attir'd,
 The true believer stands.

Moses, at a distance, saw
 The righteousness divine;
 In the volume of the law,
 How clearly doth it shine;
 Holy men, and prophets old,
 Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb;
 Of his righteousness foretold,
 And trusted in the same.

How perversely did the Jews,
 His righteousness discard;
 Shall we then his love abuse,
 And slight his great reward?
 Of the law he is the end,
 And after we have done our best,
 On his grace we must depend,
 And in his merits rest.

What a mystery of love,
 In God's designs appears!
 Jesus coming from above,
 Our sin and torment bears.

God imputes man's sins to him,
Imputes to man his righteousness:
Guilty he doth to Christ esteem,
And guiltless us confess.

H Y M N XCVII.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

THY Favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the eternal dwell with us?

What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;

But lo, the mighty God comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues!

Great God, what poor returns we pay,
For love so infinite as thine!

Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

H Y M N XCVIII. *The Same.*

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,

Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,

His goodness, how amazing great!

And what a condescending God!

Our sorrows, and our tears we pour,
 Into the bosom of our God;
 He hears us in the mournful hour,
 And soon removes our heavy load.

Oh, could our thankful hearts devise,
 A tribute equal to thy grace!
 To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
 And teach the golden harps thy praise.

H Y M N XCIX.

Fervency of devotion desired.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great!

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N C. *The Same.*

TO praise redeeming love,
 Dear christians, lend a voice;
 Come, thou diviner Dove,
 And help us to rejoice;
 Our hearts too low,
 Lord, thou canst raise;
 Blest Spirit, blow,
 And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire,
 The riches of thy grace,
 'Till thou shalt call us higher,
 There to behold thy face;
 Oh height of grace!
 Oh depth of love!
 Lord fit us for
 Our place above.

Who can thy love express?
 Thy mercy ne'er decays;
 What can our souls do less,
 Than love thee all our days?
 Bless God, each soul,
 Ev'n unto death;
 And write a song,
 For ev'ry breath.

HYMN C.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace;
 But our loud songs shall still record,
 The wonders of thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
 And send them to thy throne;
 All glory to the united Three,
 The undivided One!

'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
 That form'd us by a word;
 'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame—
 Salvation to the Lord.

Hosanna, let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound;
 Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
 In one eternal round.

HYMN CH.

The faithfulness of God in the Promises.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
 For wretched dying men ;
 His hand hath writ the sacred word,
 With an immortal pen.

Ingrav'd as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines ;
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze,
 Those everlasting lines.

O might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, thou art mine ;
 Those gentle words should raise my song,
 To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure !
 'd trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

H Y M N CIII. *Resurrection of Christ.*

BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning
 Beheld our rising God :
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his last abode !

In the cold prison of a tomb,
 The dear Redeemer lay ;
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force,
 To hold our God, in vain ;

The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay;
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim,
 The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise,
 To our victorious King;
 Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
 With loud hosannas ring.

H Y M N C I V. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay;
 Without one chearful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace,
 Beheld our helpless grief:

He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills,
 Their lasting silence break!
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CV.

Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt!
Singing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head:
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
Nor hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

H Y M N CVI.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

OH the delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams,
 Of his o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majesty and awful love,
 Sit smiling on his brow;
 And all the glorious ranks above,
 At humble distance bow.

His head, the dear majestic head,
 That cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around!

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
 Whom we, unseen, adore,
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our spirits all on fire
 To see thy blest'd abode;
 And tune our tongues to sing the praise
 Of our incarnate God!

H Y M N CVII.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
 Behold our bleeding Lord;
 Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
 And us'd the Roman sword.

Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain,
 Our dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotted whips, and ragged thorns,
 His sacred body tore !

But knotted whips, and ragged thorns,
 In vain do we accuse ;
 In vain we blame the Roman bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, our sins, our cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were ;
 Each of our crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down,
 Upon his guiltless head ;
 Break, break our hearts, oh burst these eyes,
 And let our sorrow bleed.

Strike, mighty grace, each flinty soul,
 'Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance down our eyes,
 In undissembled woe.

H Y M N. CVIII. *The Same.*

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
 And did my sov'reign die !
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I ?
 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree !
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the Prince of Glory dy'd
 For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
 The debt of love I owe;
 May I here give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N CIX. *The Same.*

IS there a thing beneath the sky,
 Can comfort bring, or satisfy,
 But our dear Saviour's wounds?
 Here is a sweet and constant peace,
 A treasure full of richest grace,
 All else are empty sounds.

Attend, my soul, sink down with shame,
 Before his face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed and die;
 O think upon thy sin and guilt,
 For which his precious blood was spilt,—
 Thou did'st him crucify.

See, thou vile piece of sinful dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,

'Till drops of blood fall down :
 See how he yonder prostrate lies,
 Observe his mournful pray'r and cries,
 Mark every tear and groan !

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a thief,
 Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,
 For thee a sacrifice ;
 Fasten'd unto the shameful wood,
 Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood ;
 So dear thy ransom price !

Lord, didst thou suffer thus for me ?
 Did'st thou feel all this misery,
 To give me life and peace ?
 Then let me bear it on my heart,
 My all is purchas'd with thy smart,
 Thy blood signs my release.

H Y M N CX.

*Distinguishing Love, or Angels punished, and
 Man saved.*

DOWN headlong from the native skies,
 The rebel-angels fell ;
 And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath,
 Pursu'd them deep to hell.

Down from the top of earthly bliss,
 Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
 To save a sinking world,

O love of infinite degree !
 Unmeasurable grace !

Must heav'n's eternal darling die,
To save a trait'rous race !

Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire :
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher !

Oh for this love, let earth and skies,
With hallelujahs ring ;
And the full choir of human tongues,
All hallelujahs sing !

H Y M N CXL. *Christ's Commission.*

COME happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus were not arm'd,
With a revenging rod ;
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

Here finners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our souls,
 T' accept thine offer'd grace ;
 Then will we bless the Saviour's love,
 And give the Father praise.

H Y M N CXII. *The Same.*

RAISE your triumphant songs,
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
 Celestial grace has done.
 Sing how eternal love,
 Its chief Beloved chose ;
 And bid him raise our wretched race,
 From their abyss of woes.
 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror cloaths his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls,
 To fiercer flames below.
 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down,
 To rebels doom'd to die.
 Now finners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrows cease :

Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey the call;
We lay an humble claim,
To salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

H Y M N CXIII.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock.

WE magnify thy grace, O Lord;
How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
A supper for thy saints!

All things are ready, thou hast said,
A table thou hast richly spread,
To answer all our wants.

Now, Lord, allure our souls to thee,
O kindly bid us come and see,
And taste how good thou art;

Knock with the hammer of thy word,
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
Lord break into each heart.

Darkness and unbelief remove,
And ravish all our souls with love,
Cast out the pow'r of sin!

Jesus attend our feeble pray'r,
And for thyself our hearts prepare,
Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace,
Like rivers flow, and still encrease,

Unto the ocean driv'n;
 Lord, condescend to sup with me,
 And grant I now may sup with thee,
 And sup at last in heav'n.

H Y M N CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God

AND are we wretches yet alive?
 And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
 That bears us up from hell.

The burden of our weighty guilt,
 Would sink us down to flames;
 While threatening vengeance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble frames.

Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear,"
 And strait the thunder stays;
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
 Too long indulg'd our sin;
 That our hearts may bleed, to see
 What rebels we have been!

No more, our lusts, may ye command,
 No more may we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

H Y M N CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

COME let us lift our joyful eyes,
 Up to the courts above;
 And smile to see our Father there,
 Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame;
 Our God appear'd consuming fire,
 And vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood,
 That calm'd his frowning face;
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turn'd the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before his feet,
 And venture near the Lord;
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,
 Nor double-flaming sword.

The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss,
 Are open'd by the Son:
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach th' almighty throne.

To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high:
 And glory to th' eternal King,
 That lays his fury by.

HYMN CXVI.

The Darkneſs of Providence.

or. **L**ORD, we adore thy vaſt deſigns,
Th' obſcure abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to ſound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble ſenſe.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful face,
In angry frowns without a ſmile:
Saints, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compaſſion ſtill.

Thro' ſeas and ſtorms of deep diſtreſs,
They ſail by faith, and not by ſight;
Faith guides them in the wilderneſs,
Thro' all the dangers of the night.

Dear Father, if thy liſted rod,
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine arm ſhall bear us ſafely thro'.

HYMN CXVII. *The Priſthood of Chriſt.*

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear ſtream, when Chriſt was ſlain,
Shake peace as loud, from ev'ry vein.

ardon and peace, from God on high,
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deſerve his ſword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our praises rise,
 Who gave his life a sacrifice;
 Now he appears before our God,
 And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN CXVIII.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
 Away from earth our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait, and worship near thy seat.

Lord in the temple of thy grace,
 We see thy feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And prayer bears a quick return,
 Of blessings in variety.

Father, our souls would still abide,
 Within thy temple, near thy side;
 But if our feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in each heart.

HYMN CXIX. *Humiliation.*

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the Man whose guilty fall,
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant-breath;
 The seeds of sin grow up for death;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

Behold we fall before thy face,
 Our only refuge is thy grace;
 No outward forms can make us clean,
 The leprosy lies deep within,
 Jesus, our God, thy blood alone,
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
 Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make our down-cast hearts rejoice.

H Y M N CXX. *The Offices of Christ.*

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with truth and grace;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
 Shall lead us in thy ways.

We rev'rence our High-Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood;
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King;
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell, and sin,
 By his almighty hands.

Hosanna to his glorious name,
 Who saves by diff'rent ways;

His mercies lay a sov'reign claim;
To our immortal praise.

H Y M N CXXI.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see,
The burdens thou did'st bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice,
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

H Y M N CXXII.

God reconcil'd in Christ.

DEAREST of all the names above,
Our Jesus and our God,

Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;

'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sin.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast;
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

H Y M N CXXIII.

O come let us sing unto the Lord.

DISCIPLES of Christ,
Ye friends of the Lamb,
Attend and assist,

In singing his fame:
Eternal thanksgiving,

The faithful should pay—
The living, the living,
As we do this day.

When bleeding we lay,
 Condemn'd and undone;
 A body of clay,
 He humbly put on;
 And in it endured,
 The wrath to us due;
 The curse we incurred,
 Our stripes and our woe.
 Not only he dy'd,
 But also arose,
 Laid weakness aside,
 And all of his foes,
 (Sin, death, and the devil)
 He triumphed o'er,
 And every evil,
 Dominion and pow'r.
 O merciful Lamb,
 Who sit'st on the throne,
 We bow at thy name,
 We count thee alone
 Deserving our blessing,
 And blessing we'll give,
 Without ever ceasing,
 As long as we live.

H Y M N CXXIV. *Adult-Baptism.*

DESCEND, celestial Dove,
 In ev'ry bosom dwell;
 Upon the present water move,
 While we the influence feel.

Anoint with holy fire,
 Baptize with purging flames
 This soul, and with thy grace inspire,
 In ceaseless living streams.

Thy heav'nly unction give,
 Thy promise, Lord, fulfil;
 Give pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
 And strength to do thy will.

Thy ord'nance we obey,
 O meet us in the same;
 And with the water now convey,
 The virtues of thy name.

Witness to this thy sign,
 And grant the inward grace;
 Let this thy servant, seal'd for thine,
 From hence depart in peace.

H Y M N CXXV. *Infant-Baptism.*

THUS did the sons of Abr'ham pass,
 Under the bloody seal of grace;
 The young disciples bore the yoke,
 'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

By milder ways doth Jesus prove,
 His Father's cov'nant and his love;
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,
 And not forbids their infant-race.

Their seed is sprinkl'd with his blood,
 Their children set apart for God;

His Spirit on their offspring shed,
 Like water pour'd upon their head.
 Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice,
 In this large covenant rejoice;
 Young children in their early days,
 Shall give the God of Abr'ham praise.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Original and actual Sin confess'd and pardon'd.

LORD, we would spread our sore distress,
 And guilt before thine eyes;
 Against thy laws, against thy grace,
 How high our crimes arise!

Should'st thou condemn our souls to hell,
 And crush our flesh to dust,
 Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well;
 And earth must own it just.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and cheer each soul,
 With thy forgiving love;
 O make our broken spirits whole,
 And bid our pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quire depart,
 Nor drive us from thy face;
 Create a-new our vicious hearts,
 And fill them with thy grace.

H Y M N CXXVII. *Behold the Man.*

YE serious souls, draw near,
 My song of Jesus hear;

Roll'd in blood his garments shine,
 See him gloriously divine ;
 On his hands your names appear,
 Come with me, his kingdom share.

Rivers of pleasures flow
 From him, for you to know ;
 You, who for your Saviour mourn ;
 You, by blood and water born ;
 You, who glad the word receive ;
 You, who in his name believe.

Th' exalted Saviour view—
 He liv'd and dy'd for you—
 He for you came down from God,
 Shed for you his vital blood ;
 This, the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Guilty souls, *Behold the Man.*

Ye heavy laden, come,
 His arms shall make you room ;
 He, the fruit of Jesse's stem,
 Calls you to the living stream ;
 Perfect soundness it imparts,
 To your bleeding, broken hearts.

Ye fearful, come away—
 Now's the accepted day ;
 Now draw near, his mercies taste,
 Let your sins on him be cast ;
 Bold approach, for he shall hear,
 All your burden, all your care.

However vile and base,
 May be your present case,
 Jesus calls you to his breast—
 Here the weary shall find rest;
 Come with me, and you shall prove
 Boundless pleasure, in his love.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

SAVIOUR of the world, attend,
 Hearken to thy people's moan;
 Art thou not the sinner's friend?
 Art thou not their friend alone?
 Then thine ear incline;
 While they for redemption cry,
 Think upon that word of thine,
 "Your redemption draweth nigh."

Hear'st thou not the many pray'rs,
 Offer'd by the church, with thee?
 See'st thou not the thousand tears,
 Pour'd before thy majesty!
 Mark'st thou not the groans?
 Mind'st thou not the yearnings great
 Of thy ransom'd little-ones,
 Prostrate round thy mercy-seat?

Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,
 That so many years they've cry'd?
 Must their suit unanswer'd be,
 Shall their pray'rs be still deny'd?

For thy mercy's sake,
Turn thou the captivity,
Bring the banish'd brethren back,
Lord, unite them all in thee.

Be the captive exile loos'd,
Lord, the Jubilee proclaim :
All who liberty refus'd,
Let them call upon thy name ;
Who so calls on thee,
Shall deliv'rance gladly prove ;
Shall thy spoil, dear Jesus, be,
Monuments that thou art love.

Let thy blood's so boundless pow'r,
Wide as the creation reach ;
Sweetly loud, from shore to shore,
Thine eternal mercy preach ;
Let the ransom'd seed
Hear, and to thy temple flow,
All for whom thou'st deign'd to bleed,
Let them thy salvation know.

Lift thy ensign very high,
Let thy bloody cross be seen,
Let thy scarlet banners fly,
Glorious in the sight of men ;
Sound the angel loud,
" Now begins the Jubilee,
Now salvation comes from God,
" All together it shall see !"

H Y M N CXXIX. *The Same.*

HOW many years have we been driv'n
 Out from our Eden, from our heav'n!
 Lord, it is time that thou restore,
 Thy wand'ring church to roam no more.

Six thousand years are nearly past,
 Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
 So long ago his fallen race,
 From age to age were void of peace.

Pris'ners in houses made of clay,
 And out of sight of heav'nly day,
 They cannot chuse but daily mourn,
 'Till they from banishment return.

When will the happy trump proclaim,
 The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
 When shall the captive troops be free,
 And keep th' eternal Jubilee?

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry land,
 Send thou thine angels, and command;
 "Go, sound deliv'rance, loudly blow,
 "Salvation to the saints below."

We want to have the day appear,
 The promis'd great Sabbatic Year,
 When far from grief, and sin, and hell,
 Ifr'el in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request:
 And this our daily pray'r shall be,
 Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee.

HYMN CXXX:

All Nations shall serve him.

SAVIOUR, King, assume thy pow'r,

Thou that art the conqueror;

Lead thy promis'd glory on,

Bring the nations to thy throne.

Sapheth's isles do bless thy name,

Let the west thy worth proclaim;

Wash the Ethiopian clean:

In the east new signs be seen.

Great the band of those be found,

Who proclaim the joyful sound;

Let it to thy Isr'el come,

Let it bring the wand'ers home.

To the brightness of thy face,

In troops the suppliant race:

Princes shall adorn the train;

Monarchs bow, and bless thy reign.

When, like lightning thro' the skies,

Will thy latter glory rise?

When shall we behold thy pow'r?

When salute th' accomplish'd hour?

Quickly, Lord, thy triumphs bring,

Tongues and kindred wait to sing:

When shall all the chosen race,

Shout aloud redeeming grace.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N CXXXI.

The Divine Sovereignty.

OUR God reigns, ye lands, rejoice;
 Lift, ye isles, a thankful voice;
 Every throne, by one controul'd,
 Well secures the passive world.

Higher than the sons of pride;
 He bids raging waves subside;
 Whate'er strikes the nations fill,
 The whole centers to his will.

How unfathomably wise!
 Beauteous to his counsel lies!
 Ev'ry way his will is done,
 Ev'ry way his justice shewn.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
 All subserves his standing word;
 Satan lets, and men object,
 Yet the thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold;
 Jesus will his kingdom hold;
 Wheels encircling wheels must run,
 Each in place to bring it on.

Blest is faith that trusts his pow'r,
 Blest are saints that wait his hour;
 Haste, great conqu'ror, bring it near,
 Let the glorious close appear.

Hallelujah

HYMN CXXXII. *For Good-Friday.*

WHO hath our report believed?
 Shiloh come is not received,
 Not received by his own;
 Promis'd branch, from root of Jesse,
 David's offspring, sent to bless ye,
 Comes too meekly to be known.
 Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
 What is thy fond expectation?
 Some fair, spreading lofty tree?
 Yet not worldly pride confound thee,
 Among the lowly plants around thee,
 Mark the lowest—that is HE.

Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came;
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb!

HYMN CXXXIII.

For the Fifth of November.

WITHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys,
 Thro' the whole nation run;
 The British skies, resound the noise,
 Beyond the rising sun.
 See, mighty God, our souls admire,
 Thee our glad voices sing;
 And join with the celestial choir,
 To praise th' eternal King.

Thy pow'r the whole creation rules;
 And on the starry skies
 Sits smiling, at the weak designs,
 Thine envious foes devise.

Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
 And, with an awful frown,
 Flings vast confusion on their plots;
 And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty grace defend our land,
 From their malicious pow'r;
 Let Britain with united songs,
 Almighty grace adore.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

For New Year's Day.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd en high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here, H
 And spares us yet another year!

Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground;
 No fruit of holiness,
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another, and another year!
 When justice bare'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,

The pity of our Lord,
Cry'd, "Let it still alone."
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

Jesus, thy speaking blood,
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd,
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year.

Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit,
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M N CXXXV.

A Song of Praise to God from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her pow'r shall sing,
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who surround his throne:
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound,
To the creation's utmost bound.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name!
Whilst with our souls and with our voice,
We sing his honours, and our joys.

He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious, like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And give our dangers to the wind.

Raise monumental praises high,
To him that thunders thro' the sky:
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

*For his Majesty King GEORGE, and Royal
Family.*

LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray,
For all that bear the sov'reign sway,
And thy vicegerent's reign:
Rulers, and governors, and pow'rs,
And lo, in faith, we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And ev'ry threat'ning danger ward,
From his anointed head:
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
And through the path of heav'nly peace,
To life eternal lead.

Cover his enemies with shame,
 Defeat their dire malicious aim,
 Their baffled hopes destroy ;
 But show'r on him thy blessings down,
 Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
 And everlasting joy.

To hoary hairs be thou his God,
 Late may he see that high abode,
 Late to his heav'n remove :
 Of virtues full, and happy days,
 Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
 To fill a throne above.

And when thou dost his soul receive,
 O give us in his offspring, give
 Us back our king again ;
 Preserve them, Providence divine,
 And let the long illustrious line,
 To latest ages reign.

Secure us of his royal race,
 A man to stand before thy face,
 And exercise thy pow'r ;
 With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
 Our nation and our church to bless,
 'Till time shall be no more.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

For Society.

WHO can have greater cause to sing,
 Who greater cause to bless,
 Than we the children of the King,
 Than we who Christ possess?
Than we who Christ possess?
Than we who Christ possess?

With angel-hosts, dear Lamb, we join,
 To praise thy love and pow'r;
 To magnify thy grace divine,
 Thou mighty Counsellor, Thou, &c.

We late were Satan's captives led,
 And hell had been our end,
 Had'st thou not for our pardon bled,
 Thou sinner's only friend, Thou, &c.

For this we still employ our tongue,
 Nor shall our praises cease;
 We evermore will sing that song,
 The Lord our righteousness, The, &c.

No other God we know but thee,
 None else did us create;
 Thy glory may we ever be,
 O holy Advocate, O holy, &c.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou did'st take,
 The Mediator's place,
 (When we the Father's statutes brake,)
 All hail, thou Prince of Peace ! All hail, &c.

We daily prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our need we see :
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,
 Our Saviour thou shalt be ! Our, &c.

No law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
 Shall us from thee divide ;
 Strongly we hold that precious faith,
 For us our Saviour dy'd, For us, &c.

H Y M N CXXXVIII. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :

So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

H Y M N CXXXIX. *Calling to follow Jesus*

COME, my Father's family,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
 Come, ye sinners, who with me,
 Are ev'ry-where abhor'd :
 Let us gladly trace his steps,
 Who suffer'd death among the Jews,
 Who the friendless soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
 Our master let us own ;
 He the sacrifice for sin,
 The Saviour he alone :
 Let us take, and bear the cross,
 Despis'd disciples let us be ;

Mock'd and slighted, as he was,
For you, my friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore;

None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one earth, our praise may claim,
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb.

H Y M N CXL. *The Same.*

Jesus COME, ye lovers of the Lamb;
Join in publishing his fame
Let the whole society,
Sing our Saviour's clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are?
We the Lord's peculiar care;
We the precious sons of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his blood!

Who can make their boast like us?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus?
We can boast, for we are made,
Kings and priests in Christ our head:

Jesus (when we all were poor)
Out of love's eternal store,
Gave to each of us a crown,
Gave us mansions near his throne.

Neither leave us desolate,
While we're in our pilgrim state;
Here he talks with us, and we,
Him by faith's perspective see.

Him we commune with by pray'rs,
Well persuaded he us hears:
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind answers gives again.

Best of friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his love;
Faithful, gracious, good, the same,
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,
High exalted Deity:
Bless we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone.

H Y M N CXLI.

Christ our great Melchisedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;

We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN CXLII. *Peace of God's Children.*

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our unity,
Making wars and jarrings cease,
Causing men, tho' foes, t'agree,
Kindly rule in us;
Make us happily go on,
Helping each to bear his cross,
Stedfast 'till our work is done.

Let us, like a flock of sheep,
Close together persevere,
True by one another keep,
Each esteeming very dear,
All together move:
Truly subject be the whole,
Bound in bands of truest love,
One in heart, in mind, and soul.

May we all one faith maintain,
One sole doctrine witness too,
Christ the Lord our God was slain,
Ain for us, and this is true,
He will our dear portion be;

He who on Mount Calv'ry dy'd,
Jesus, Jesus only he.

Strive we who shall love thee most;
Who shall most in faith excel;
Who can of the Saviour boast,
Who can most of Jesus tell:
This employ us all,
Daily this contend we for;
Daily 'till the Lamb shall call,
Prosp'ring daily more and more.

Let us hand in hand proceed,
Little loving children be,
Dead to sin, to all things dead,
But alive, dear Lamb, to thee;
So continue firm;
While beneath us thou wilt lay,
Thy eternal out-stretch'd arm,
'Till we wake in endless day.

H Y M N CXLII.

Sitting under Christ's Shadow.

BLOOD of Jesu's wounds, how good,
Sound it in our ears and hearts;
Nothing, surely, like that blood,
Can such solid bliss impart;
Oh! 'tis most divine!
Weary sinners hither fly,
Laden with their crimson sin,
This blots out the dreadful dye!

You who have the law obey'd,
 You who righteousness t' attain,
 Earnestly by works assay'd,
 But have found your strife in vain;

Turn ye to Christ's blood,
 Thither look, and ye no more,
 Shall lament an absent God,
 Or your dreadful state deplore.

Who so after rest enquires,
 Let him to this blood approach;

Who so truly peace desires,
 Jesu's blood affordeth much;

Be persuaded then;

Lift ye up your downcast eyes,
 See the Saviour bleeding, slain;

There thy rest, poor sinner lies.

Here may we take up our place,

Here for ever happy be;

Here wrap up our blushing face,

Seeking nought beside to see;

Here we now sit down,

Trusting in his blood, and prove

What the Lord for us hath done;

Who can fully tell his love!

H Y M N CXLIV.

Te Deum, or a Song of Praise. Dialogue.

WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,

Who sav'dst us by thy grace:

Te praise thee, Son of Man, whose blood,

Redeem'd our fallen race.

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
 Father, ere time began;
*Thou art by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Worthy o'er both to reign.*

To thee all angels cry aloud,
 Thro' heav'n's extended coasts;
*Hail, holy, holy, holy God,
 Of all immortal hosts!*

The cherubim and seraphim,
 Are always praising thee;
*The worlds, and all the pow'rs therein,
 Adore thy majesty.*

The prophet's goodly fellowship,
 In milky garments dress'd,
*Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap
 The fulness of thy rest.*

Th' apostles' glorious company,
 Thy righteous praise proclaim;
*The martyr'd army glorify,
 Thy everlasting name.*

Thro' all the world thy churches join,
 T' acknowledge thee the head;
*Father of majesty divine,
 Who ev'ry pow'r hast made.*

Also thy true and only Son,
 Thy family confess;
*King of thy saints, to us made known,
 The Lord our righteousness.*

Alto the Holy Ghost we praise,
 The Spirit of the Lord,
*The Comforter, whose kindling rays,
 Our dying souls restor'd.*

H Y M N CXLVII.

Holy Strife in Praising Christ.

RISE, O ye seed of David, rise,
 Daughters of Zion, sing;
*Up, sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,
 Salute th' auspicious King.*

Our souls arise, and may our tongues
 Be tun'd to praise the Lamb;
*So ready be our ransom'd throngs,
 To magnify his name.*

Why stay we then? the Lord extol;
 Zion, break forth in praise;
*Join ev'ry heav'nly-minded soul,
 In pure seraphic lays.*

Open, ye everlasting doors,
 Divide, ye gates of bliss,
*We with dominions, thrones, and pow'rs,
 Praise Christ our righteousness.*

H Y M N CXLVIII. *The Same.*

LET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
 Our Shepherd's mercy bless;
*Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
 Shew forth our thankfulness.*

Not unto us, to thee alone,
 Bless'd Lamb, be glory giv'n;
*Here shall thy praises be begun,
 And carry'd on in heav'n.*

The hosts of spirits now with thee,
 Eternal anthems sing;
*To imitate them here, lo! we,
 Our hallelujahs bring.*

Had we our tongues like theirs inspir'd,
 Like theirs our songs should rise,
*Like them, we never should be tir'd,
 But love the Sacrifice.*

'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays;
*And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
 We'll join in nobler praise.*

H Y M N CXLIX.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

TELL us, O women, we wou'd know,
 Whither so fast ye move?
*We, call'd to leave the world below,
 Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the place,
 That ye are trav'ling from?
*From tribulation we, thro' grace,
 Are now returning home.*

Is not your native country here?
 Like you not this abode?

*We seek a better country far,
A city built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend,
Short of that bliss to rest;
*Nor we, till in the sinners Friend,
Our weary souls are bless'd.*

Friends of the bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour, we ask no more;
*Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore!*

H Y M N CL. *Resting under the Cross.*

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade,
The cross doth us afford;
*It was for weary trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.*

A while sit down, and we'll prepare,
To sing his worthy fame;
*Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his name.*

We sing thy suff'rings, wounds, and blood,
The virtue of thy pain;
*We sing thy griefs, thou Son of God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.*

We hail thee, thou, by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee:
*Hail! very God, the promis'd child,
The prophets sang of thee.*

While others praise an unknown God,
 We each will sing of thee;
Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,
And liv'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N CLI. *General Praise to Christ.*

ONCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
 We sing to thy eternal name;
 The whole assembly join:
 To yonder harper's harp we tune
 Our solemn songs, and round the throne,
 We sing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
 Mix with the happy company
 Of christians, gone before;
 And as they bleis Messiah's blood,
 We imitate their song, and God,
 The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and sisters all agree,
 To sing, he liv'd and dy'd for me;
 I thank him for his grace;
 Quickly thy chariot, Lord, send down,
 To bear us to the wish'd-for throne,
 Where we may see thy face.

Or if thou here wouldst have us stay
 A longer space, lo! we obey;
 Only let us be sure
 That heav'n is ours, die when we will,
 And let thy spir't be with us still,
 And we'll desire no more.

H Y M N CLII.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesu's blood;
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the world begun;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace;
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness;
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heav'nly birth;
 Born of God, they hate all sin,
 God's pure seed remains within.

They have fellowship with God,
 Thro' the Mediator's blood;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on earth,
 Strangers quite to this world's mirth;

Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

H Y M N CLIII.

Peace of Christianity. A Dialogue.

HO Pilgrims (if ye pilgrims be),
We want to join with you:
Poor christian-travellers are we,
To Canaan's land we go.

No peace (tho' we have fought) we find,
In any country here;
'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, name, and character.

We ne'er such pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know:
Peace (since our Saviour's cross we bore)
Like rivers in us flow.

Let others then delight them here—
Their trifles we despise:
The heav'nly kingdom we prefer,
The bliss of paradise.

Then joyful let us journey on,
To certain rest above;
Singing to him on yonder throne
Of free electing love.

H Y M N CLIV.

Glorifying God in Christ. Dialogue.

BRETHREN, sing—'tis right ye shou'd,
Sing our Saviour's precious blood;
Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the theme.

Shout for joy, ye happy men,
Lo, for you the Lamb was slain!
Highly favour'd women praise
Jesus, in celestial lays.

Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late,
Suffer'd death without the gate;
Hail! for by thy death and cross,
Thou hast purchas'd heav'n for us.

None but Jesus will we sing,
None but Jesus, Isr'el's King;
None but Jesus will we laud,
None but Christ our Lord and God.

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou,
Praise to have, and honour too;
Worthy thou of bliss and pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

H Y M N CLV. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind,
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets ;
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N CLVI.

The Wisdom of God Foolishness with Men.

O SAVIOUR, thou thy mysteries,
Hast often cover'd from the wise,
And babes thy glory shew'd ;
Thy wisdom far surpasses all,
That studious mortals wisdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral man cannot conceive,
The glorious things which we believe,
How thou didst us redeem ;

The things thy Spirit teaches us,
The merits of thy blood and cross,
Are foolishness to him.

They this world's wisdom seek and gain,
That wisdom which thou callest vain,
But ah, are strangers still,
To that which makes our spirits wise,
And sets before our waiting eyes,
What is our Saviour's will.

Thrice happy then are we who prove,
The peace of God, his truth, and love,
Things freely to us giv'n :
These earnest are of greater bliss,
The earnest of that happiness,
Which we shall have in heav'n.

HYMN CLVII. *The Triumph of Faith.*

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear, thy members here,
Shall sing like those in glory ;
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation ;
And cry aloud, and give to God,
The praise of our salvation.
While in afflictions furnace,
And passing thro' the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our hands, exulting,
 In thine almighty favour,
 The love divine, which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people,
 Thro' torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, whilst thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation :
 The world with sin and satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall, break thro' them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The cross despise, for that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us ;
 And, if thou count us worthy,
 We, each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heav'n.

H Y M N CLVIII. *The Same.*

REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above: Lift up, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell,
 Are to our Jesus giv'n: Lift up, &c.

He sits at God's right hand,
 'Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet: Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up,
 To their eternal home:

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

H Y M N CLIX.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 And quench them with thy blood,
 Us into closest union draw,
 And in our inward parts,
 Let kindness sweetly write her law,
 Let love command our hearts.

O let thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesu the crucify'd—

What hast thou done our hearts to gain?
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

Who would not now pursue the way,
Where: Jesu's footsteps shine?

Who would not own the pleasing sway,
Of charity divine?

O let us find the ancient way,

Our wond'ring foes to move;

And force the heathen world to say,

“See how these christians love!”

H Y M N CLX.

The Communion of Saints. Part I.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd
Dying champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's name,

Now, as yesterday the same:

One in ev'ry age and place,

Full of love, of truth and grace!

Christ is now gone up on high,

Thither may our wishes fly.

Sits at God's right-hand above,
There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N CLXI. *Part II.*

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise;
Walk in him we have receiv'd,
Shew we've not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship of Jesu's Love:
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood apply'd,
Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee, th' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee;
Ev'ry vile affection kill,
Free our souls from every ill;
Conquer ev'ry inbred sin,
Write thy law of love within.

Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee!
 Love thy image, love impart,
 Stamp it fully on each heart;
 Only love to us be giv'n,
 Lord, we ask no other heav'n.

H Y M N CLXII. *Part III.*

FATHER, Son, and Spirit hear,
 Faith's effectual fervent pray'r;
 Hear, and our petition seal,
 Let us now the answer feel;
 Mystically one with thee,
 Transcript of the Trinity;
 Thee let all our nature own,
 One in Three, and Three in One.

Build us in one body up,
 Call'd in one high calling's hope;
 One the Spirit whom we claim,
 One the pure baptismal flame;
 One the faith, and common Lord,
 One the Father lives ador'd,
 Over, thro', and in us all,
 God incomprehensible!

One with God, the source of bliss,
 Ground of our communion this;
 Life of all that live below,
 Let thy emanations flow;

Life eternal in our heart;
 Thou our only Eden art;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost.

H Y M N CLXIII. *Part IV.*

HUSBAND of thy church below,
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee, betroth'd in love,
 Always faithful let us prove;
 Never rob thee of our heart,
 Never give the creature part;
 Only thou possessest the whole,
 Take our body, spirit, soul.

Stedfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love the mystic union be,
 Union to the world unknown,
 Join'd to God, in spirit one;
 Wait we till the spouse shall come,
 'Till the Lamb shall take us home;
 For his heav'n the bride prepare,
 Solemnize our nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
 Thou art with thy Father one;
 One with him in us be shew'd,
 Very God of very God;
 Sent our spirits to unite,
 Sent to make us sons of light;
 Sent that we his grace may prove,
 All the riches of his love.

H Y M N CLXIV. *Part V.*

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
 Comforting thy saints below,
 Hear us, who thy nature share,
 Who thy mystic body are;
 Join us, in one spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine,
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thee who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
 Diverse gifts to each divide;
 Plac'd according to thy will,
 Let us all our works fulfil;
 Never from our office move,
 Needful to the others prove,
 Use the grace on each bestow'd,
 Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now and one,
 We who Jesus have put on:
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Male nor female, Lord, in thee,
 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
 Render'd all distinctions void;
 Names and sects, and parties fall,
 Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

H Y M N CLXV. *Part VI.*

KING of Saints, to whom are giv'n,
 All in earth, and all in heav'n;
 Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
 Join'd and gather'd into one:

Heirs of glory, sons of grace,
 Lo, to thee our hopes we raise;
 Raise and fix our hopes on thee,
 Full of immortality.

Absent in our flesh from home,
 We are to Mount Sion come;
 Heav'n is our soul's abode,
 City of the living God;
 Enter'd there, our seats we claim,
 In the new Jerusalem:
 Join the countless angel choir,
 Greet the first-born sons of fire.

We our elder-brethren meet,
 We are made with them to sit;
 Sweetest fellowship we prove,
 With the general church above;
 Saints who now their names behold,
 In the Book of Life enroll'd,
 Spirits of the righteous, made
 Perfect now in Christ their Head.

Life his healing blood imparts,
 Sprinkled on our peaceful hearts;
 Abel's blood for vengeance cry'd,
 Jesus speaks us justify'd;
 Speaks and calls for better things,
 Makes us prophets, priests, and kings;
 Asks that we with him may reign,
 Earth and heaven, say amen!

H Y M N XLXVI.

For Persons joined in Fellowship.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of ev'ry sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
 Restore us by thy grace;
 And guide our feet into the way,
 Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,

Each other's cross to bear:

Let each his friendly aid afford,

And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,

Our little stock improve;

Increase our faith, confirm our hope,

And perfect us in love.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,

Receive the ready bride:

Give us in heav'n, a happy lot,

With all the sanctify'd.

H Y M N CLXVII. *The Same.*

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,

Let us in thy name agree;

Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,

Bid our jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love,

Every stumbling-block remove;

Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here,

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live:

Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N CLXVIII. *At Meeting.*

BLEST by Jesu's providence,
Lo, we meet again in peace!
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place.

When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a host of perfect men.

There shall sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear;
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We shall stand made free from fear.

Come, dear fellows, joyful, come,

Forward boldly let us press ;

Humbly let our souls presume,

Trust in Jesu's righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd hour,

When the family complete,

Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,

In the house above shall meet.

Master, hasten on the day,

Glorious to thy judgment come ;

Call thy trav'ling saints away,

Lord, we long to be at home.

H Y M N CLXIX. *At Parting.*

BLEST be the dear uniting love,

That will not let us part ;

Our bodies may far off remove,

We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one spirit to our head,

Where he appoints we go ;

And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,

And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,

And nothing know beside ;

Nothing desire, nothing esteem,

But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave

To his lov'd embrace ;

Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

Then let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

H Y M N CLXX. *Adoring Christ.*

WORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his head, and bore our
shame,

On God's eternal throne to reign;
For he for us, for us, was slain.

From ev'ry people, land, and tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring throng;
Let all thy hosts thy grace confess,
And call thee, Lord our righteousness.

We praise thee, thou whose Spirit rests,
On us thy kings, on us thy priests;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought and ransom'd by his blood.

Let ev'ry spirit now with thee,
And all on earth, and all on sea,
Thy wisdom bless, and fill thy throne,
With worship due to thee alone.

Be pow'r and riches ever thine,
And strength and majesty divine;
By ev'ry creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlasting Lord!

H Y M N CLXXI. *The Same.*

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
 Let our praise to him be giv'n,
 High at God's right-hand in heav'n.

Master, see, to thee we bow,
 Thou art Lord, and only thou;
 Thou, the blessed virgin's seed,
 Glory of thy church and head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, our priest and king;
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
 Of Salvation by thee wrought;
 Wrought for all thy church, and we,
 Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore,
 Thee, the Lord for evermore;
 Ever with us, shew thy love,
 'Till we join with those above.

A Y M N CLXXII.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Immanuel, come,
 Take possession of thy home;
 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
 Stretch throughout the happy land.

Carry on thy victory,
 Spread thy rule from sea to sea;
 Re-convert the ransom'd race,
 Save us, save us, Lord, by grace
 O that ev'ry soul might be,
 Suddenly subdu'd to thee:
 O that all in thee might know,
 Everlasting life below.
 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
 Stretch throughout the happy land;
 Take possession of thy home,
 Come, divine Immanuel, come.

H Y M N CLXXIII. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we,
 Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed be glad;
 Christ our advocate is made!
 'Tis to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes!
 Hout, ye little flock and blest,
 On Jesu's throne shall rest:

There your seat is now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN CLXXIV. *Breathing after Holiness*

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee!
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place;
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

HYMN CLXXV. *The Christian Soldier.*

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies;
 Through his eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God:

There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN CLXXIV. *Breathing after Holiness*

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown ;
Jesus, thou art all compassion !
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee!
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place;
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

HYMN CLXXV. *The Christian Soldier.*

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies;
 Through his eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God:

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Jesus hath dy'd for you ;
What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns ;
All pow'r to him is giv'n ;
Believe, 'till, freed from nature's chains,
You're call'd from hence to heav'n.

Your rock can never shake ;
Hither, he saith, come up ;
The helmet of salvation take,
The confidence of hope :
Hope for his perfect love,
Hope for his promis'd rest,
Hope to sit down with Christ above,
And share the marriage feast.

In fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near ;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
With all the pow'r of pray'r ;
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move ;
Let ev'ry house his worship know,
And ev'ry heart his love.

From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread 'all the pow'rs of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day;
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, "Come;"
 'Till Christ your Saviour shall draw nigh,
 And take the conqu'rors home.

H Y M N CLXXVI. *Panting after God.*

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there;
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.

O'hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but thee.

Oh Love! thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
 Thro' all its latent mazes there:
 Make me thy duteous child, that I,
 Ceaseless may, Abba, Father, cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 'I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N CLXXVII. *Adoring Jesus.*

O COME let us join, Together combine,
 To praise our dear Saviour, our Master
 divine.

Him let us adore, Who, cover'd with gore,
 Late hung upon Calv'ry, both wounded and
 poor.

He's worthily bless'd, By spirits at rest,
 Who once in this desert, his godhead confess'd.

The heavenly spheres, Who saw him in tears;
 Yea, ev'ry strong angel, his person reveres.

The prophets who told, His sufferings of old,
 Sing loud hallelujahs on psalt'ries of gold.

The Fathers to whom, He promis'd to come,
Now in his pavilion, take up their long home.

The spirits of men, Who for him were slain,
From Abel the righteous, now share in his reign.

Th' apostles who stood, Resisting to blood;
For Jesus's gospel, rejoice in their God.

The martyrs no less, His mercies confess;
And Jesus, who sav'd them, they cheerfully
bless.

Thou church of the Lamb, Unite in the same,
With saints, and with angels, now bless his dear
name.

My soul bear a part, For ransom'd thou art,
By Jesus's blood-shedding, his burial and smart.

To him that was slain, The scorn'd Nazarene.
Be glory and honour, let all say, Amen.

H Y M N CLXXVIII. *Judgment*

LO he cometh ! countless trumpets,

Blow before the bloody sign,
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,

See the crucified shine,

Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

Now his merit, by the harpers,

Thro' th' eternal deep resounds;

Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds;
 They who pierc'd him,
 Shall at his appearing wail.
 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All, who hate him, must, ashamed,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:
 Come to Judgment,
 Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his glory,
 Shining in his marred face;
 His dear person, on the rainbow,
 Now his people's head shall raise:
 Happy mourners!
 Lo, in clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All his people, once despised,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!

Now the promis'd kingdom's come,
 View him smiling, now determin'd,
 Ev'ry evil to destroy;
 All the nations now shall sing him,
 Songs of everlasting joy:
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

Christ our great High Priest.

A GOOD High Priest is come,
 But not of Aaron's race;
 Ordained in his room,
 To bring us life and grace;
 The *Law* by Aaron's priesthood came,
 But *grace* and *truth* by Jesu's name.
 My Lord a Priest is made,
 As sware the mighty God,
 On him the work was laid,
 To offer up his blood;
 For sinners who his mercy seek,
 A Priest, as was Melchisedec.
 He once temptations knew,
 And did their force withstand,
 That he may pity shew,
 When danger is at hand;
 In ev'ry point his soul was try'd,
 And then for us he freely dy'd.
 But now he lives again,
 And stands before the throne,
 Where he, as newly slain,
 Records what he has done;
 There he abides, and pleads his blood,
 Which ever must prevail with God.
 I other priests disclaim,
 And all their off'rings too;

None but the bleeding Lamb,
 The mighty work could do:
 'Twas he who dy'd my soul to save,
 And all the glory he shall have.

H Y M N CLXXX.

At the death of a Believer.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Why should we wish the hours more slow,
 That keep us from our love?

Why should we tremble to convey,
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a sweet perfume.

The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 And soften'd every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way;
 Up to our Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

H Y M N CLXXXI. *Funeral.*

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time:
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flow'r and prime.

See the vain race, of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore:
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And strait are seen no more.

We are but strangers here below,
 As all our fathers were;
 May we be well prepar'd to go,
 When we the summons hear.

H Y M N CLXXXI. *The Same.*

MY soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.

Oh could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead;

Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love,
To dwell with mortal worms.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

TIS finish'd! 'tis done!

The spirit is fled,
The pris'ner is gone,
The christian is dead:

The christian is living,
In Jesus his love;
And gladly receiving,
A kingdom above.

All honour and praise,
Are Jesus's due;

Supported by grace,
He fought his way thro';

Triumphantly glorious,
Thro' Jesu's zeal,

And more than victorious
O'er sin, death, and hell!

Then let us record,
The conquering name;

Our Captain and Lord,
With shoutings proclaim;

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We trust in his passion,
 And follow our head,
 To certain salvation,
 We all shall be led.

O Jesus ! lead on,
 Thy militant care ;
 And give us the crown,
 Of righteousness there ;
 Where, dazzl'd with glory,
 The seraphim gaze ;
 Or prostrate adore thee,
 In silence of praise.

Come, Lord, and display,
 Thy sign in the sky ;
 And bear us away,
 To mansions on high :
 The kingdom be giv'n,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heav'n,
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N CLXXXIV. *The Same.*

HOSANNA to Jesus on high !
 Another has enter'd his rest,
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast ;
 The soul of our brother is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above ;
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

How happy the angels that fall,
 Transported at Jesus's name!
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summon'd away?
 My merciful God—Is it I?
 O Jesus! if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart;
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove;
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love!

HYMN CLXXXV. *The Same.*

THANKS be to God, whose faithful love
 Hath call'd another to his breast;
 Translated him to joys above,
 To mansions of eternal rest!

He lives with God, no more to sin,
 And he this body soon will raise;
 When, both united, they shall reign,
 In endless happiness and praise.

O that we may all thus break through,
 The crown with holy violence seize;

The starry crown to conquest due,
The crown of life and righteousness!

Will not the righteous Judge bestow,
The prize on all who seek him here;
And long, while sojourning below,
To see their much-lov'd Lord appear?

He will (our hearts cry out) he will,
These eager wishes more than meet,
These infinite desires fulfil,
And make our happiness complete.

O what a soul-o'erpow'ring thought!

'Tis ecstasy too great to bear:

We all at once shall be caught up,
And meet our Jesus in the air!

H Y M N CLXXXIV. *The Same.*

A H, solemn appearance of death!
This body that once was so fair,
Depriv'd of sensations and breath,
No wonted attractions are here;
With strangest emotions, I view
The corpse, when the spirit is fled;
And leave with a painful adieu,
Their mortal remains with the dead.

How blest is our brother bereft,
Of all that could burden his mind;
How easy the soul that hath left,
This wearisome body behind

Of evil incapable thou,
 From sorrow and sadness set free;
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain :
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again ;
 No anger, henceforth, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay :
 Extinct is the animal Flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet, immoveable breast,
 Is heav'd by affliction no more :
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in the sweetest repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free,
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see !

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison of clay,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And look for a happier day.
 O Jesus, almighty to save,
 Prepare me in glory to reign;
 My body restore from the grave,
 To meet my dear kindred again.

H Y M N CLXXXV. *The Same.*

JESUS, come, our dearest Jesus,
 Save us from the world beneath;
 From a life of pain release us,
 From a life of daily death:
 Listen to the ceaseless moaning,
 Of thy plaintive turtle-dove;
 Answer, Lord, the Spirit's groaning,
 Take us to thy church above.

Many saints are gone before us,
 To the mansion of the grave;
 Jesus, come! to life restore us,
 Us from all our trouble save;
 Us, in infinite compassion,
 To our happier friends unite;
 Raise us to an heavenly station,
 With thy saints in endless light.

Still we bear about thy dying,
 In our feeble bodies here;

Languishing for thee, and crying,
 Light of life, in us appear;
 Take us to thy kind embraces,
 To thy heav'nly banquet lead;
 Wipe the sorrows from our faces,
 Set the crown upon our head.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *Christ's Nativity.*

ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth,
 Be publish'd abroad, at Jesus's birth;
 The forfeited favour, of heav'n we find,
 Restor'd in the Saviour, and friend of man-
 kind.

Then let us behold, Messiah the Lord,
 By prophets foretold, by angels ador'd;
 Our God's incarnation, with angels proclaim,
 And publish salvation, in Jesus's name.

Our newly-born King, by faith we have seen,
 And joyfully sing, his goodness to men:
 That all men may wonder, at what we impart,
 And thankfully ponder, his love in their heart.

What mov'd the Most High, so greatly to
 stoop?

He comes from the sky, our souls to raise up;
 That sinners forgiven, might happy return,
 To God and to heav'n, their Maker is born.

Immanuel's love, let sinners confess,
 Who comes from above, to bring us his peace;
 Let ev'ry believer, his mercy adore,
 And praise him for ever, when time is no more.

H Y M N CLXXXVII. *The Same.*

AWAY with our fears!
 The godhead appears,
 In Christ reconcil'd—
 The Father of Mercies, in Jesus the child.
 He comes from above,
 In manifest love,
 The desire of our eyes,
 The meek Lamb of God, in a manger he lies.
 At Immanuel's birth,
 What a triumph on earth!
 Yet could it afford,
 No better a place, for its heav'nly Lord?
 The Ancient of Days,
 To redeem a lost race,
 From his glory comes down,
 Self-humbled, to carry us up to a crown.
 Made flesh for our sake,
 That we might partake,
 The nature divine,
 And again in his image, his holiness shine.
 An heav'nly birth,
 Experience on earth,

And rise to his throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive,
The tidings they bring,
Who publish to sinners, their Saviour and
King.

And while we are here,
Our King shall appear;
His Spirit impart,
And form his full image of love in our heart.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. *The Same.*

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;

By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

H Y M N CLXXXIX. *The Same.*

LET angels and archangels sing,
 The wonderful Immanuel's name :
 Adore with us our new-born king,
 And still the joyful news proclaim ;
 All earth and heaven be ever join'd,
 To praise the Saviour of mankind.

The everlasting God comes down,
 To sojourn with the sons of men ;
 Without his majesty or crown,
 The great invisible is seen :
 Awhile he laid his glories by,
 To raise our fallen nature high.

Angels, behold that infant's face,
 With rapt'rous awe the godhead own ;
 'Tis all your heav'n on him to gaze,
 And cast your crowns before his throne :
 Tho' now he on his footstool lies,
 Ye know he built both earth and skies.

By him into existence brought,
 Ye sang, the all-creating word :
 Ye heard him call our world from nought,
 Again, in honour of our Lord,
 Ye morning stars, your hymns employ,
 And shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

HYMN CX. *Christ's Incarnation.*

ALL-wise, all-good, almighty Lord,
 Jesus, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Ere time its course began :
 How did thy glorious mercy stoop,
 To take the fallen nature up,
 When thou becamest man !

Th' eternal God from heav'n came down,
 The King of Glory left his crown,

And veil'd his majesty :
 Empty'd of all, but love, he came,
 Jesus, I call thee by the name,
 Thy pity bore for me.

O holy child, still let thy birth,
 Bring peace to us, poor worms of earth,
 And praise to God on high ;
 Come, thou who didst my flesh assume,
 Now to the abject sinner come,
 And in a manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy person join,
 The natures human and divine ;
 That God and men might be,
 Henceforth inseparably one ?
 Haste then, and make thy nature known,
 Incarnated in me.

In my weak sinful flesh appear ;
 O God, be manifested here,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy :

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Thy kingdom, Lord, set up within
My waiting heart, and all my sin,
That work of hell, destroy.

HYMN CXCI. *Admiring Christ's Love.*

YE children of my God,
Ye dear peculiar race,
Who're wash'd in Jesu's blood,
And sav'd thro' faith by grace;
Attend, and join to tell his fame,
Whom John the Baptist call'd the Lamb.

From all eternity,
He lov'd the sinner's train;
His love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be slain
For us, and in our stead he stood,
With all his garment roll'd in blood.

His heart he set on us,
When we were enemies;
And on th' accursed cross,
Amidst his tears and cries,
He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,
Father, they know not what they do!

He thought upon us, when
The blood ran from his heart,
In all his grief and pain,
In all his grief and smart;
Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave;
And bare it, that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,
 His foes he loves, and cries,
 Believe ye in my name,
 Lift up (ye lost) your eyes;
 Behold me, and ye yet shall live,
 I freely will salvation give.

H Y M N CXCII.

O COME, let us join,
 In music divine,
 The Saviour to laud,
 'Tis meet, and fit,
 It is charming and perfectly sweet,
 The Saviour to praise, our Lord and our God,
 'Tis a pleasure to sing,
 With courage and flame;
 The angels that love us,
 And seraphs above us,
 Do always the same.
 Hark! hark! how they shout,
 All heav'n throughout,
 In sounding his name.

Come, all that are here,
 Your thanksgivings rear,
 To Jesus your chief;
 'Tis good, we shou'd,
 It is lovely and better than food,
 It raises our joy, and banishes grief;

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Then in him we'll rejoice,
 Up to him lift our voice,
 And spirit within;
 Who lov'd us so greatly,
 To wash us completely,
 From guilt and from sin.
 Hark! hark! how they shout,
 All heaven throughout,
 A Jesus divine!

He's worthy, they cry,
 The Lamb that did die:
 So warbles their tongue;
 Let us, do thus,
 It is comely his praise to discuss,
 A theme ever proper by us to be sung;
 'Tis our duty and gain,
 And it shan't be in vain,
 His praise to repeat,
 Who pardon dispenses, for all our offences,
 Tho' ever so great.
 Hark! hark! how they shout,
 All heaven throughout,
 A Saviour complete!

All glory to him,
 Who souls does redeem,
 From converse unfit;
 Agree, do we,
 It will ever becoming us be,
 Hosanna to Jesus with joy to transmit:

To God's dear-belov'd Son,
 Be all praise and renown,
 Dominions and might,
 Who sinners embraces,
 And fills them with graces,
 To do what is right.
 Hark! hark! how they shout,
 All heaven throughout,
 The morning star bright.

Come, sing him once more,
 (We may not give o'er)
 For sinners who pleads,
 Beguil'd, defil'd,
 And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
 He still intercedes, and always succeeds;
 This dear Saviour of men,
 Let us sing once again,
 Who purges his own,
 And makes them all glorious,
 And more than victorious,
 Then gives them a crown.
 Hark! hark! how they shout,
 All heaven throughout,
 The Lamb on the throne,

To Father and Son,
 And Dove, Three in One,
 Be glory and praise,
 By us and those,

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Who in glorious, celestial repose,
 Do ceaseless their songs of thanksgiving raise,
 May the Three-One be sung,
 By each cherubim-tongue;
 Let no tongue be mute,
 Join, beings celestial,
 And beings terrestrial,
 The great and minute,
 Join all in one choir,
 The Dove, Son, and Sire,
 With praise to salute.

H Y M N CLXXXVI. *Praise to Christ.*

OFFSPRING of David, David's Root,
 Thou Jesse's Stem, and Jesse's Fruit,
 To Thee propitious, Thee our King,
 The tribute of our hearts we bring.

While all thy mercies we enjoy,
 Hymns shall our grateful lips employ;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
 We'd gladly wait, and love and sing.

Hasten the time when we shall shine,
 With angels, and archangels join,
 With righteous spirits gone before,
 For ever thy sweet name t'adore.

With them our ravish'd souls would rest,
 And share with them thy marriage feast;

Among their number, in their lays,
We'd pant to join, and thirst to praise.

And while our souls are thus deny'd,
Lest we should fall, or turn aside,
Jesus, our kind protection prove,
And love us with eternal love.

H Y M N CLXXXVII. *Morning.*

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker;
Angels, praise, join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light, lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's merit.

Never cast me from thy presence,
'Till my soul, shall be full,
Of thy blessed essence.

O my Jesus, God almighty,
Pray for me, till I see
Thee, in Salem's city.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus giv'n,
Be my guide, lest my pride,
Shut me out of heaven.

Thou this night wast my protector,
With me stay, all the day,
Ever my director.

Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever!

Grace before Meat.

BE present at our table, Lord,
 Be here, and ev'ry where ador'd;
 These creatures bless, and grant that we,
 May feast in paradise with thee.

After Meat.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
 But more because of Jesu's blood;
 Let manna to our souls be giv'n,
 The bread of life, sent down from heav'n.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. *Evening.*

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry favour,
 This day shew'd, by my God,
 I will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord, what shall I render
 To thy name, still the same,
 Gracious, good, and tender!

Leave me not, but ever love me;

Let thy peace, be my bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy salvation;

Let thy care, now be near,
 Round my habitation.

Thou my rock, my guard, my tow'r

Safely keep, while I sleep,
 Me, with all thy pow'r.

So whene'er in death I slumber,

Let me rise, with the wise,
 Counted in their number.

HYMN CLXXXIX. *Glorying in the Cross.*

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small:
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN CXC. *After Sermon.*

OJESU, our Lord, thy name be ador'd,
 For all the rich blessings convey'd thro'
 thy word.

In spirit we trace, thy wonders of grace,
 And chearfully join in a concert of praise.

The Ancient of days, his glory displays,
 And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

The trumpet of God, is sounding abroad.
 The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.
 Thrice happy are they, who hear and obey,
 And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.
 The people who know, their Saviour below,
 With burning affection to worship him glow.
 This blessing be mine, thro' favour divine;
 But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

H Y M N CXCI.

JESU, shew us thy salvation,
 (In thy strength we strive with thee)

By thy mystic incarnation,

By thy pure nativity,

Save us, thou our new creator,

Into all our souls impart,

Thy divine and holy nature,

Form thyself within each heart.

By thy first blood shedding heal us,

Cut us off from ev'ry sin;

By thy circumcision seal us,

Write thy law of love within.

By thy Spirit circumcise us,

Kindle in our hearts a flame;

By thy baptism now baptise us,

Into all thy glorious name.

By thy fasting and temptation,

Mortify our vain desires;

Take away what sense, or passion,
 Appetite, or flesh require;
 Arm us with thy self-denial,
 Ev'ry tempted soul defend;
 Save us in the fi'ry trial,
 Make us faithful to the end.

By thy great and bitter passion,
 By thy suff'ring on the tree,
 Save us from the indignation,
 Due to all mankind, and me;
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest breath;
 By thy precious death's applying,
 Save us from eternal death.

By the pomp of thine ascending,
 Live we here to heav'n restor'd,
 Live in pleasure never ending,
 Share the portion of our Lord;
 Let us have our conversation
 With the blessed spir'its above;
 Sav'd with all thy great salvation,
 Perfectly renew'd in love.

HYMN CXCII. *Christ's Second Coming.*

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe:
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
 The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.

From heav'n, angelic voices sound,
 See th' almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face,
 Glory, &c. decks the Saviour's face.

Descending from his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord,
 Hail him, &c. their triumphant Lord.

Shout, all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High ;
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever, and for ever reigns,
 Ever, &c. and for ever reigns.

The Father blebs, the Son adore,
 The Spirit praise for evermore ;
 Salvation's glorious work is done,
 We welcome thee, Great Three in One,
 Welcome, &c. Thee, Great Three in One.

H Y M N CXCI. *The Backslider.*

JESU, let thy pitying eye,
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep :
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all long-suff'ring shewn :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above;
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, thro' thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart:
 Give me, what I've long implor'd,
 The blessing of thy grief unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

See me, Saviour from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 - And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when thy grace beheld,
 The harlot in distress;
 Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in peace;
 Foul like her, and self-abhor'd,
 I, at thy feet, for mercy groan:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when condemn'd for them,
 Thou didst thy foll'wers see,
 " Daughters of Jerusalem,
 " Weep for yourselves, not me,"

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Am I by my God deplor'd,
 And shall I not myself bemoan?
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
 Look, as when thy piteous eye
 Was clos'd, that we might live;
 "Father," (at the point to die)
 My Saviour gasp'd, "Forgive!"
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns and looks, and cries, "Tis done!"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

H Y M N CXCIV.

An Hymn to the Trinity.

COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious!
 Come, and reign over us,
 ANCIENT OF DAYS.

ESUS, our LORD, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Let thine almighty aid,
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stay'd;
 Lord hear our call.

Come, thou incarnate word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our pray'r attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success;
 SPIRIT of holiness,
 On us descend.

Come, Holy COMFORTER,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour,
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from-us depart,
 SPIRIT OF POW'R.

To the Great ONE IN THREE,
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence—evermore,
 His sov'reign majesty,
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity,
 Love and adore.

H Y M N CXC.V.

Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave! ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Every good in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Wile, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Bring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

YMN CXCVI. *Desiring to praise worthily.*
COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount—oh fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here I raise my *Eben-Ezer*,
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home;
 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

O to grace, how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, now like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it!
 Seal it from thy courts above!

H Y M N CXCVII.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.

O LORD, how great's the favour,
 That we, such sinners poor,
 Can through thy blood's sweet favor,
 Approach thy mercy's door;

And find an open passage,
 Unto the throne of grace;
 There wait the welcome message,
 That bids us go in peace.

Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Full of the deepest need,
 Throughout defil'd by nature,
 Stupid and inly dead;
 Our strength is perfect weakness,
 And all we have is sin;
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid!
 Where shall we find compassion,
 But in the church's head?

Jesus thou art all pity,
 Oh take us to thine arms;
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save us from all harms.

We'll never cease repeating,
 Our numberless complaints,
 But ever be entreating.

The glorious King of saints:
 Till we attain the image,
 Of him we inly love;
 And pay our grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

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Then we with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate,
 Th' amazing pleasing story,
 Of Jesu's love so great!
 In this blest contemplation,
 We shall for ever dwell;
 And prove such consolation,
 As none below can tell.

HYMN CXCVIII. *Leaning on the Beloved.*

MY most indulgent Saviour,
 I long thy love to find,
 To triumph in thy favour,
 And know thy Spirit's mind:
 This grace to me be given,
 I nothing more request!
 I ask no other heaven,
 Than leaning on thy breast.

The place of John I covet,
 More than a seraph's throne,
 To rest in my beloved,
 And breathe my final groan,
 On thee alone relying;
 To lose my sin and pain,
 And on thy bosom dying,
 My life eternal gain.

Then I with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate,
 Th' amazing pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great;

In this blest contemplation,
 May I for ever dwell,
 And share such consolation,
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N CXCIX. *Gratitude.*

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
 Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r?
 Teach us to bow the humble knee,
 Teach us with thankfulness t'adore,
 To praise thee as thy saints above,
 To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.

When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
 And left the watchful Shepherd's eye;
 When borne along th' impetuous tide,
 Of this world's sin and vanity:
 Then Jesus from the heav'ns came down,
 To save us by his grace alone.

He bore our sins upon the tree,
 To seek and save the lost he came,
 There was he bound to set us free,
 From death, and everlasting shame;
 The captive flock from hell was freed,
 And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful throne,
 Our merciful High-Priest yet stands,
 And interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd remnant now demands;
 His people's everlasting friend,
 Who loving—loves them to the end!

May we his banish'd ones rejoice,
 Him for our Lord and God to own,
 To take him as our only choice
 And cleave to him in love alone;
 Still growing up in holiness,
 'Till call'd to meet in realms of bliss.

Then shall our grateful songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;
 No sin, no sorrow shall be found,
 No night o'ercloud the endless day,
 O praise him! all beneath, above!
 O praise him! praise the God of love!

H Y M N C C. *Before Sermon.*

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
 Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and blest redeeming love.

Mourning souls dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been,
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste redeeming love.

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Welcome all by sin oppress,
 Welcome to his sacred rest,
 Nothing brought him from above;
 Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foes and ours,
 From their cursed empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring,
 Strike aloud each chearful string,
 Mortals join the hosts above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N CCI. *Panting after Jesus.*

THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
 The joy of the upright in heart,
 For closer communion they pine,
 Still, still to reside where thou art;
 The pasture, O! when shall we find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are skreen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah, shew us that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an extasy gaze,
 And hang on their Saviour and God:
 Thy love for lost sinners declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree,
 Our spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
 'Tis there we would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

H Y M N CCII.

Giving up the Heart to the Lord.

TAKE my poor heart just as it is,
 Set up therein thy throne;
 So shall I love thee above all,
 And live to thee alone.

Compleat thy work, and crown thy grace,
 That I may faithful prove;
 And listen to that small still voice,
 Which only whispers love.

Which teaches me what is thy will,
 And tells me what to do;
 Which covers me with shame, when I
 Do not thy will pursue.

This unction may I ever feel,
 This teaching from my Lord;
 And learn obedience to thy voice,
 Thy soul-reviving word.

H Y M N CCIII.

Praising the Glory of the Grace of God.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those,
Who feel they sinners are !
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know,
Their heav'n is only there !

Thus *grace*, free *grace* most sweetly calls,
" Directly come, who will ;
" Just as you are ; for Christ receives
" Poor helpless sinners still !"

We thirst, O Lord ! give us each day,
To taste more of this *grace* ;
More of that stream, which from the rock,
Flow'd through the wilderness.

Where'er eternal life is giv'n,
This thirst the same will be ;
The heart will after Jesus pant,
To all eternity.

'Tis *grace* alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And, Oh ! that nothing else but *grace*,
May rule for evermore !

H Y M N CCIV.

Ininitely condescending Love.

LOVE brought down God's dear only Son,
Into a virgin's womb ;
Love nail'd him to th' accursed tree,
And laid him in a tomb.

Through ev'ry action, suff'ring too,
 The law of kindness reign'd;
 Love op'd those ghastly wounds, thro' which,
 His precious life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's throne,
 There to prepare us room;
 And love will bring him down again,
 To fetch us to his home.

H Y M N CCV.

SON of God! thy blessing grant;
 Still supply our ev'ry want,
 Tree of life thine influence shed,
 With thy sap our spirits feed.

Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
 Wither without thee, and die;
 Weak as helpless infancy—
 O confirm our souls in thee.

Unfustain'd by thee we fall,
 Send the strength for which we call;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help we ev'ry moment need.

All our hope on thee depend,
 Love us, save us to the end;
 Give us the continuing grace—
 Take the everlasting praise.

H Y M N CCVI.

Christ the Believer's Refuge.

I N ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies,
 My anchor-hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God,
 The sure foundation of my hope,
 Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name,
 In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

H Y M N CCVII. *Before Sacrament.*

C OME, let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To taste of the banquet above;
 If thine heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jesus confide,
 They are bold to outride,
 The storms of affliction beneath:
 With the prophet they soar,
 To that heav'nly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.
 By faith we are come,
 To our permanent home,

By hope we the rapture improve ;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live,
In the city of God the great King !
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace,
- The whole heavenly company sing !

What a rapturous song,
When the glorify'd throng,
In the spirit of harmony join ;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine !

Hallelujah they cry,
To the king of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM !
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

H Y M N CCVIII. *The Same.*

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb,
By thy church beloved,
Manifest thy sweetest name,
To each heart approved.

Crown this ordinance of thine,
 With a solemn blessing ;
 Let our feast be all divine,
 Each thyself possessing.

Let thy flesh afford us food,
 Ev'ry grace to strengthen :
 Let our drink be Jesu's blood,
 Nature's pow'r to weaken.

Cause that bleeding sacrifice ;
 Once for sinners given,
 To appear before our eyes,
 Earnest of our heaven.

We partake the bread and wine,
 Seals of our profession ;
 Of the inward grace the sign,
 Symbols of thy passion.

We commemorate thy death,
 While we are receiving ;
 Feeding in our hearts by faith,
 With unfeign'd thanksgiving.

May we thus our time employ,
 While below we tarry ;
 Till our souls t' unfading joy,
 Angels come to tarry.

H Y M N CCIX. *After Sacrament.*

LORD accept our feeble praise,
 For the banquet given ;

Tho' unworthy, we would raise,
Hearts and hands to heaven.

Of the streams of grace divine,
We have now been tasting ;
On the bread, and mystic wine,
With rich comfort feasting.

Meat indeed, thy flesh we find,
Drink thy blood so precious ;
Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,
Merciful and gracious.

On our guilty souls thy rod,
Falls with gentle chidings ;
And thou healest with thy blood,
All our great backslidings.

May we to thy bleeding cross,
Soul and body fasten ;
All for Jesus count but loss,
To his coming hasten.

Take our hearts so often blest,
Yet so oft rebelling ;
Let them on thy bosom rest,
In thy wounds still dwelling.

Now, O Lord, that we have fed,
On thy body broken,
Bruise within the serpent's head,
Of thy love the token.

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None from trials are below,
 Totally exempted;
 All-sufficient grace bestow,
 Succour, Lord, the tempted.
 Guard us from the tempter's wiles,
 From the sin of Judas;
 From the world's deceitful smiles,
 'Till to heav'n thou lead us.

H Y M N CCX.

Ascribing all Glory to God for every Mercy.

GLORY to our gracious Donor,
 For his mercies ever new;
 His alone be all the honour,
 Nothing we confess our due:
 O the ceaseless mercies flowing,
 From thy grace's boundless store:—
 May our thankful hearts be glowing,
 With thy love, still more and more.
 Thy kind hand hath oft' afforded,
 To our wants a rich supply;
 We are ev'ry day supported,
 By thy providential eye:
 May we, Lord, as some requital,
 Thankful hearts to Jesus raise;
 In his wond'rous love's recital,
 Consecrate to him our days.
 Thou, an hunger hast created,
 In our hearts for living bread;

May it never be abated,
 'Till our precious souls are fed
 Open Lord the ark, where hidden,
 Jesus, our true manna lies;
 Are not hungry spirits bidden,
 To that feast of paradise?

O thou Friend of finners, pity
 Thirsty travellers, who go,
 To an unseen distant city,

Thro' a parched vale below;
 O supply each fainting spirit,
 With the streams of purest love;
 'Till our Canaan we inherit,
 In thy fulness lost above.

H Y M N CCXI. *For Easter Day.*

HE dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
 Lo Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground;
 Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you!
 A thousand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb !

The tomb in vain forbids his rise ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears ye saints, and tell,
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains :
Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !

" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?
" And where's thy victory boasting grave ?"

H Y M N CCXII.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of Jesus.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks,
A heart as hard as stone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice ?
'Tis Jesu's blood alone :

One drop of this can truly chear,
And heal the wounded soul ;
What multitudes of broken hearts,
This living stream makes whole !

Hark ! O my soul ! what sing the choirs,
Around the glorious throne !

Hark ! the *slain Lamb* for evermore,
Sounds in the sweetest tone :

The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,

Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

And this, while here, we will proclaim,
Chearful in our degree,
That thro' the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Sinners may pardon'd be:
But thou, O Lord, make ev'ry day,
Thy grace to us more sweet;
'Till we behold thy wounded side,
And worship at thy feet.

H Y M N CCXL. *The Year of Jubilee.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bounds;
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home.

Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad;

The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home.

H Y M N CCXIV.

*They shall look on me whom they have pierced,
and mourn.—Zech. xii. 10.*

LADEN with guilt, sinners arise,
And view your bleeding sacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath your crimes the victim stood,
Sign'd your acquittance with his blood;
Hereby stern justice is appeas'd;
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.

Mersey, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face;
Here look, 'till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.

Oh, quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms;
Wrestle until your God be known,
'Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN CCXV. *Psalms C.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again!

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

HYMN CCXVI. *Isaiah lv. 1. &c.*

HO, ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race);
Mercy, and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

See, from the rock a fountain rise,
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all ye have, and are, behind:
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

H Y M N CCXVII.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides,
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

Oh! could we find those doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbecclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

H Y M N CCXVIII.

The supposed Song of a Soul just entered Heaven

WHY was unbelieving I,
 Trembling, so afraid to die?
 Now my feet in safety stand
 Here, within the promis'd land. Hallelujah

O, what wond'rous grace is here!
 Now I'm safe from ev'ry fear;
 Sin and doubts are ever gone,
 Sighing shall no more be known.

Henceforth neither grief, nor pain,
 Here successive pleasures reign:
 All things our hosannas raise,
 O, the glories of this place!

O, ye perfect happy ones,
 Let me try to join your tunes;
 Come, let us exalt the Lamb,
 Singing ever to his name,

He our full redemption wrought;
 He for us this glory bought;
 From the earth he calls us home,
 To our Father's house we're come,
 Oft in Keder's tents I try'd,
 When my God his face did hide,
 With my friends to raise this song,
 But it languish'd on my tongue.

Jesus now unveils his face;
 Here I shout of sov'reign grace;
 Fill'd with love, incessant ory,
 To his praise in raptures high.

O my drooping friends below,
 Did you half this glory know,
 Daily would ye stretch the wing,
 Here to fly, and thus to sing. Hallelujah.

HYMN CCXIX. *Christ All in All.*

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
 My heart doth sing for joy;
 And sing I must, A Christ I have,
 Oh what a Christ have I!

My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,

He is the King of Kings;

He is the Sun of Righteousness,

With healing in his wings.

He is my meat, he is my drink,

My physic, and my health:

My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.

He is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love ;
My Head, my hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ he is the heav'n of heav'ns,
My Christ, what shall I call ?
He is my first, he is my last,
He is my All in All.

All glory to the God of love,
One God in persons Three ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal glory be.

H Y M N CCXX. *The Same.*

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above,
 Can make a heav'nly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford;
 No not one drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll;
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

O thee my spirits fly,
 With infinite desire:
 And yet how far from thee I lie!
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

H Y M N CCXXI.

Christ precious to a Believer.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 In would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.

All my capacious pow'r can wish,
 In thee most richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is life so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

O, may thy grace still cheer my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name,
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 When speechless clasp thee in my arms,
 My joy in life and death.

H Y M N CCXXII.

Christ our Righteousness.

JESU, thy blood and righteousness,
 My beauty are, my glorious drefs,
 'Mid'st flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath liv'd, and dy'd for me."

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Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay
 Fully thro' thee, absolv'd I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This righteousness the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The robe of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

H Y M N CCXXIII. *A Divine Rapture.*

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds;
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.

The holy triumph of my soul,
 Shall death itself out-brave;
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
 In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,

T

I'll spend a long eternity,
 In pleasures and in praise:
 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes,
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
 And, endless ages, I'll adore,
 The glories of thy love.

Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine,
 Shall fresh endearments bring;
 A thousand tastes of new delight,
 From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul,
 Up to thy bless'd abode:
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see
 My Saviour, and my God.

H Y M N CCXXIV.

God our only Happiness.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting All:
 I've none but thee in heav'n above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod!
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun,
 Scatters his feeble light:

'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;

If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

And whilst upon my restless bed,

Amidst the shades I roll,

If my Redeemer shews his head,

'Tis morning with my soul.

To thee I owe my wealth and friends,

My health, and safe abode;

I praise thy name for all these things,

But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,

If once compar'd to thee?

And what's my safety, or my health,

Or all my friends to me?

Were I possessor of the earth,

And call'd the stars my own;

Without thy graces, and thyself,

I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms, like seas,

And grasp in all the shore;

Grant me the visits of thy face,

And I desire no more.

HYMN CCXXV. *A Sinner's Prayer.*

GOD of my salvation, hear,

And help me to believe;

Simply would I now draw near,

Thy blessing to receive;

Full of guilt, alas I am,
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
 To thee I lift mine eye;
 Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy blood is always nigh:
 Now, as yesterday the same,
 Thou art and wilt for ever be,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st, am poor;
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Without money, without price,
 I come thy love to buy;
 From myself I turn mine eyes,
 The chief of sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee.
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

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HYMN CCXXVL. *Sitting at Jesu's Feet.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing,

From the sinners dying friend:
Here I'll sit for ever viewing,
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is my station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion,
Floating in his languid eye;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? P've much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death;
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go:
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

HYMN CCXXVII. *Communion with Jesus.*

COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame;

Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name :
 Whilst hofannas we are singing,
 May our hearts in rapture move ;
 Feel new grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the air of purest love.

Let us sail in grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea ;
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free ;
 On thy heavenly manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe ;
 Love, O love for sinners bleeding,
 All, for thee, we would forego.

Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee ;
 Sinking in the sweetest union,
 Of that heartfelt mystery :
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms ;
 Free from sin, and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.

H Y M N CCXXVIII. *Justification by Faith.*

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men,
 On their own works have built ;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths;
 Without a murm'ring word;
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law,
 To justify us now;
 Since to convince, and to condemn,
 Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
 When in thy name we trust!
 Our faith receives a righteousness,
 That makes the sinner just.

H. Y M N CCXXIX.

*This is the Victory that overcometh the World,
 even our Faith.*

O TELL me no more, of this world's vain
 store;

The time for such trifles, with me now is o'er.

A country I've found, where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd, on that happy ground.

No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort; go after
 him, go.

So onward I move, and but Christ above,
 Lone guesses how wond'rous my journey will
 prove.

Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and
fin:

'Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ
within.

Perhaps for his name, poor dust as I am,
Some works I shall finish, with glad loving aim
I still, which is best, shall in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

And when I'm to die, "receive me," I'll cry
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

H Y M N CCXXX.

The Love of Christ constraineth us. 2 Cor. v. 14.

HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our active feet,
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this poor abode,
 The wings of love bear us away,
 To see our smiling God.

H Y M N CCXXXI.

Christ, the Way to God.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone;
 He that I plac'd my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
 The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment;
 The King's-highway of holiness
 I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief, my burthen, long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, for I'm the way."

Lo glad I come, and thou dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live.
I'll tell to all poor sinners round;
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

H Y M N CCXXXII.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with power;
He is able, he is able, he is able:
He is willing: doubt no more.
Ho, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, without money, &c.
Come to Jesus Christ and buy,
Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This he gives you, this he gives you, &c.
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

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Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous, not the righteous, &c.
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
 View him grov'ling in the garden;
 Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree, behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies;
 'Tis finish'd, it is finish'd, &c.
 Sinner, will not this suffice?
 O, th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, &c.
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heav'n,
 Sweetly echo with his name
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same,

H Y M N CCXXXIII.

*Christ's Call, and (through Grace) the Sinner's
 Acceptance.*

JESU, thou dost cry aloud,
 "Sinners hasten to my blood;

Though as black as hell within,
Yet my blood shall wash you clean.

View me, in the manger lying;
View me panting, bleeding, dying;
In my pierced side here's room,
Ev'ry drop of blood cries, come."

Lord, I hear thy gracious call,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall,
All poor sinners, thou call'st home,
I'm a sinner, lo! I come.

Satan, Lord, hath me distress'd,
I am naked, void of rest,
All my nature's full of sin,
O I'm all unclean, unclean.

" Yes, my child, I know it all,
But thy guilt on me did fall;
By the shedding of my blood,
Thou art reconcil'd to God.

Art thou naked, in distress,
Here's the robe of righteousness;
Here's my blood to cleanse thy heart,
Cloath thee, wash thee, mine thou art."

Satan hearest thou thy doom,
Jesus my deliv'rer's come;
Passion, unbelief, and pride,
Hence be gone, for Christ has dy'd.

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Hail, my Jesus, Lord, and God!
 Take the purchase of thy blood;
 Thou did'st give thyself for me,
 Lo, I give myself to Thee.

H Y M N CCXXXIV. *Doubts scattered.*

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts begone,
 And leave me to my joys,
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.

Darkness and doubts had viel'd my mind,
 And drown'd mine eyes in tears,
 'Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
 Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

O, what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine,
 When Jesus told me, I was his,
 And my beloved mine!

In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain;
 One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
 Revives my joys again.

H Y M N CCXXXV. *They crucified him.*

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
 The Son of God hath dy'd for me;
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree;

The Son of God for me hath dy'd;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd;

Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace;
Come, see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say was ever grief like his!
Come, feel, with me, his blood apply'd,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe, the record true,
That we are bought with Jesu's blood;
Pardon and life flow from his side,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing speak or think beside,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

H Y M N CCXXXVI. *Calvary.*

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love,
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry struggling soul release,

O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray ;

By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away ;

Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release,

O remember, &c.

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,

The sinner's pardon seal :

Speak us freely justify'd,

And all our sickness heal :

By thy passion on the tree,

Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;

O remember, &c.

Never would we hence depart,

'Till thou our wants relieve ;

Write forgiveness on each heart,

And all thine image give ;

Still our souls shall cry to thee,

'Till all renew'd in holiness ;

O remember Calvary,

And bid us go in peace.

H Y M N CCXXXVII. *The Stony Heart.*

O H, for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away ;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine;

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine!

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine!

But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. *The Same.*

WHEN shall my frozen heart revive?
When shall my soul begin to live?
Fetter'd with sin, oppress'd with death,
I pant, yet hopeless pant, for breath.

Yet against hope, I fain would hope,
O that the Lord would raise me up;
Would all my unbelief destroy,
And let me taste his people's joy.

Come, breath of life, inspire my soul,
On me let streams of mercy roll;

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I know, a tender glance from thee,
Can set my burthen'd spirit free.

Peter's experience tells me so,
Tells me what Jesu's love can do;
The harden'd heart at once it turns,
The icy soul it melts and burns.

Lord, kindly reach this heart of mine;
I'd pant to be entirely thine;
To have thy Spirit rule in me,
And bring me into liberty.

HYMN CCXXXIX. *Christ is All in All.*

TO all my *vileness*, Christ is *glory* bright,
To all my *mis'ries*, infinite *delight*—
To all my *ign'rance*, *wise* without compare,
To my *deformity*, th' eternal *fair*—
Sight to my *blindness*—to my *meanness*, *wealth*,
Life to my *death*—and to my *sickness*, *health*;
To *darkness*, *light*—my *liberty* in *thrall*—
What shall I say?—my Christ is *All in All*.

HYMN CCXL.

At the Coming of a Minister.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant
Messenger of Jesu's grace;
O, how beautiful the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace!
Welcome herald, welcome herald, &c.
Priest of God, thy people's joy.

Saviour, bless his message to us,
 Give us hearts to hear the sound
 Of redemption, dearly purchas'd,
 By thy death and precious wounds;
 O reveal it, O reveal it, &c.
 To our poor and helpless souls.

Give reward of grace and glory,
 To thy faithful lab'rer dear;
 Let the incense of our hearts be
 Offer'd up, in faith and pray'r;
 Bless, O bless him, bless, O bless him, &c;
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

H Y M N CCXLI.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God, I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
 And he can well secure,
 What I've committed to his hands,
 'Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face;

And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

H Y M N CCXLII. *Christ's dying Love.*

HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son;
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

(When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.)

(He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.)

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew,
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let our souls forget.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

For a Minister confined from attending the Ordina-
nances on the Lord's-Day.

[N silent sadness I'm condemn'd,
To spend this sacred day;

Not suffer'd to approach thy courts,
To sing, and preach, and pray.

My willing feet with joy have trod,
Thy palaces of grace;
(The dwellings of my King, my God,)
Where saints behold thy face.

To Zion's op'ning gates this day,
Th' assembling armies move;
The gospel-trumpet sweetly sounds,
With pardon, peace and love.

The blessed saints with hearts and tongues,
Unite to sing thy praise;
With ears and hearts in rapture held,
By messages of grace.

May they thy glories, Lord, behold,
And feed on heav'nly food;
May living waters fill their souls,
By grace and strength renew'd.

Whilst I'm a pris'ner in thy chains,
In darkness, grief, and pain,
May I one beam of love divine,
One crumb of grace obtain.

May mercy's hand direct thy rod,
Thy pow'r my soul uphold;
The dross and tin purge all away,
And brighten all the gold.

May ev'ry sin be now destroy'd,
 And ev'ry grace made strong;
 Give health, and ease, and strength again,
 And grace shall be my song.

H Y M N CCXLIV. For a Public Fast.

[L] ORD look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand,
 To offer up united pray'r,
 For this our sinful land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd,
 Our country might find grace;
 Now hear the same petitions made,
 In this appointed place.

r, if amongst us some be met,
 So careless of their sin,
 Who have not cry'd for mercy yet,
 Lord let them now begin.

hou, by whose death poor sinners live,
 By whom their prayers succeed;
 Thy spir't of supplication give,
 And we shall pray indeed.

We will not slack, nor let thee rest,
 But importune thee so,
 That, 'till we shall be by thee blest,
 We will not let thee go.

Great God of Hosts, deliv'rance bring;
 Guide those that hold the helm;
 Support the state, preserve the king;
 And spare the guilty realm.

Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod;
May faith and patience hold us fast,
To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son;
Give us his gospel, and his grace,
And then thy will be done.

H Y M N CCXLV.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our Salvation.

HOW empty was our former boast,
Our foolishness of pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works rely'd.

Strong in the freedom of our will,
Firm in our nature's pow'rs,
We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.

Our good desires, our hearts sincere,
Our best endeavours stood,
T'atone for our transgressions here,
In place of Jesu's blood.

Alas for us! we know not then,
His blood and righteousness;
Thro' which alone the sons of men
Are sav'd by richest grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy love

Hath taught us better things;

Our all is giv'n us from above,

From thee salvation springs.

Freely thy love delights to save,

And ransoms without price;

But only that which Jesus gave,

Our bleeding sacrifice.

We own the sole procuring cause,

That precious blood divine;

And since our Jesus dy'd for us,

May we live ever thine.

H Y M N CCXLVI. *Christ a sure Guide*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,

Pilgrim thro' this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty,

Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:

Bread of heav'n, bread of heav'n,

Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the chrystal fountain,

Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery cloudy pillar,

Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,

Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,

Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

H Y M N CCXLVII.

A warm Coal, for a cold Heart.

MUSING on my habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longing,
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come ;
 Vanity is all I see,
 Lord, I long to be with thee.

H Y M N CCXLVIII.

A whole Heart for Christ.

LORD, make me faithful to thy call,
 In heart still truly give up all,
 Myself to thee resign :
 When dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy will decline.
 My feet with holy oil anoint,
 The destin'd path, thou dost appoint,
 Gladly I then will tread ;
 Bedew me with a genial show'r,
 Into my heart thine influence pour,
 With living manna fed.
 A single eye, a faithful heart,
 My Jesus, to thy call impart,

In ev'ry trying hour:
 Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
 Still keep my eye on thee intent,
 'Till fight my faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N CCXLIX. *A Sinner's last Shift.*

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
 Canst thou love a child of wrath?
 Can a hell-deserving creature,
 Be the purchase of thy death?
 Is thy blood so efficacious,
 As to make my nature clean;
 Is thy sacrifice so precious,
 As to free me from my sin?
 In on ev'ry hand furrounds me,
 No acquaintance can I hear;
 Angs of unbelief confound me,
 Help me, Lord, my grief to bear;
 Here, then, is my resolution,
 At thy dearest feet to fall;
 Here I'll meet my condemnation,
 Or a freedom from my thrall.
 How deny thy grace and mercy,
 If thou canst to wretched me;
 Lay aside thy love and pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die;
 I meet with condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same;

If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

H Y M N CCL.

I am the God of Abraham.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;

JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confest;
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I'd rise, and seek the joys,
At thy right hand:

I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield, and tower.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace,
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways;

He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend;
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace,
 For evermore.

PART THE SECOND.

THOU' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds, I urge my way,
 At his command:
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view;
 And, thro' the howling wilderness,
 My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest'd;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our righteousness,

Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace:
 On Sion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And glorious, with the saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side,
 Arrays in garments, white and pure,
 His spotless bride:
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.

PART THE THIRD.

BEFORE the Great Three-One,
 They all exulting stand;
 And tell the wonders he hath done,
 Thro' all their land:
 The list'ning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wond'rous NAME.

The God who reigns on high,
 The great archangels sing,
 And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "ALMIGHTY KING!"

"WHO WAS, AND IS, THE SAME,
 "AND EVERMORE SHALL BE;
 "JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM!
 "WE WORSHIP THEE."

Before the Saviour's face,
 The ransom'd nations bow;
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
 For ever new:

He shews his prints of love;
 They kindle to a flame;
 And sound, thro' all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant host,
 Give thanks to God on high;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry;

Hail, *Abraham's* God, and *mine!*
 I join the heav'nly lays,
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

H Y M N CCLI.

will sing of the Mercy of the Lord for ever.

THY mercy, my God,
 Is the theme of my song;
 The joy of my heart,
 And the boast of my tongue;
 Thy free grace alone,
 From the first to the last,

Has won my affections,
And bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy,
I could not live here ;

Sin soon would reduce me,
To utter despair ;

But, thro' thy free goodness,
My spirits revive ;

And he that first made me,
Still keeps me alive.

Where'er I mistake,
Thy kind mercy begins

To melt me, and then,
I can mourn for my sins ;

And, led by thy spirit,
To Jesus's blood,

My sorrows are dry'd,
And my strength is renew'd ;

Thy mercy is more
Than a match for my heart ;

Which wonders to feel,
Its own hardness depart :

Dissolv'd by thy presence,
I fall to the ground,

And weep to the praise of
The mercy I found.

The doors of thy mercy,
Stand open all day ;

To the poor and the needy,
Who knock by the way :

Thy mercy is endless,
 Most tender, and free;
 No sinner need doubt,
 Since 'tis given to me.

Dear Father, thy merciful
 Word is my all;

Thy promise supports me,
 When ready to fall:

When enemies croud,
 To cause doubt and despair,

I conquer them all,
 By thy Spirit of pray'r.

Thy mercy in Jesus,
 Exempts me from hell;

Of thy mercy I'll sing,
 Of thy mercy I'll tell:

'Twas Jesus *my* Friend,
 When he hung on the tree,

That open'd the channel
 Of mercy, for *me*.

Great Father of mercies,
 Thy goodness I own;

And the covenant-love,
 Of thy crucify'd Son:

All praise to the Spirit,
 Whose whispers divine,

Seal mercy, and pardon,
 And righteousness, *mine*.

HYMN CCLII.

The loss of Christ lamented, from the past Experience of his Love.

MY time, O ye daughters
Of Sion, did run,
Most sweetly and softly,
When Christ was my sun;
Thro' darkness I fearless
Could walk by his light;
His rays were my comfort,
His shield was my might.
When Jesus was with me,
By day or by night,
Tho' darkness was round me,
My soul was still light;
My joys and my comforts,
Enraptur'd my mind;
While under his shadow,
I sweetly reclin'd.
What time in communion,
With Jesus I spent,
'Twas heav'n all over,
Where-ever I went;
And oft, when his kindness,
I've felt on my heart,
In raptures I pray'd,
He would never depart.
His mercy and love,
Were the theme of my song;

To praise and adore him,
 The joy of my tongue;
 To talk of his goodness,
 My daily delight;
 To think on his kindness,
 My pleasure by night.

But when he is absent,
 My comforts are gone,
 My heart is dejected,
 And hard as a stone;
 Nor nature or creature,
 Delight can impart;
 'Till Jesus return,
 The sole joy of my heart.

That e'er I should grieve thee,
 My Lord and my Lamb,
 Sore vexes my soul,
 And o'erwhelms me with shame;
 The sweets of thy favor,
 And love felt before,
 Restore, my dear Jesus,
 And leave me no more.

HYMN CCLIII. Before Sermon.

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
 Deign upon thy truth to shine;
 Lord, behold thy servant stands,
 O, to thee he lifts his hands;
 Satisfy his soul's desire,
 Touch his lips with holy fire,

Ope thy treasure, so shall fall,
 Unction sweet on him, on all;
 'Till, by odours scatter'd round,
 Christ himself be trac'd and found;
 Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
 Rich in peace and joy, depart.

H Y M N CCLIV. *The Same.*

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant,
 To proclaim thy wond'rous love!
 O that ev'ry soul here present,
 May thy grace and truth approve;
 Bless, O bless us; Bless, O bless us;
 From thy shining courts above.
 Now thy gracious word invites us,
 To partake thy gospel-feast;
 Let thy Spirit now unite us,
 Each to thee a willing guest;
 O receive us, &c.
 To thy glorious promis'd rest.

H Y M N CCLV.

FIRM, as the earth, thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesu's hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
 His honour is engag'd to save,
 The meanest of his sheep;

All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove,
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They *must* for ever rest.

H Y M N CCLVI.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,

Can relieve us from our smart;

Nothing else from guilt release us,

Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,

All the while they work alone;

At a sense of blood-bought pardon,

Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,

How to mourn, and not despair;

Teach us, leaning on thy merit,

Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.

Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,

They shall profit, if not please:

Defend, defend us, Jesus,

From security and ease.

H Y M N CCLVII.

Electing Graces: or Saints beloved in Christ.

JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;

Thy God and ours are both the same;

What heav'nly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

Christ be my first elect, he said,
Then chose our souls, in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin,
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

H. Y. M. N. CCLVIII.

The Pharisee and Publican.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee;
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
 And diff'rent answers he bestows;
 The humble soul with grace he crowns,
 Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father, never let me be
 Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
 I have no merit of my own,
 But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N CCLIX. *Thy Kingdom come.*

O H when shall we, supremely blest,
 Enter into our glorious rest;
 Partake the triumphs of the sky,
 And holy, holy, holy, cry!

With all thy heav'nly hosts, with all
 Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall,
 And sing in ecstasy unknown,
 And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.

H Y M N CCLX. *Time and Eternity.*

T HEE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be.

Waken, O Lord our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road;
 And when our souls are taken hence,
 May they be found with God.

Assure me that my worthless name,
Is graven on thy hands :
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

H Y M N CCLXI. *The Same.*

SINCE all the downward tracts of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
O! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways !

Assured of his wond'rous love,
Unmeasurably kind :

To his unerring gracious will,
By ev'ry wish resign'd.

Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less, when he denies ;
Ev'n crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name ;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Thy saints, while ages roll away,
In endless fame survive ;
Their glories, o'er the wrongs of time,
Greatly triumphant, live.

H Y M N CCLXII.

He has done all Things well. Mark vii. 37.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord, my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But, O his love, what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.

How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,
Has been this love to sinful me?
This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell;
My Jesus has done all things well.

I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, tho' I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which do all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Has on me laid his gentle rod;
I know, in all that me besel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Tho' many a fi'ry flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart;

With this I all his rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray or kill my pride;
Yet then it on my mind does dwell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest *this note* shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN CCLXIII. *Look again, Jonah ii. 4.*

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

How oft, deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside!
And Jonah like has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.

Ah bring a wretched wand'rer home!
And to thy footstool let me come;
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

Take courage, then, my trembling soul,
 One look from Christ will make thee whole;
 Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
 But wait, and look, and look again.

Do satan's darts thy soul molest?
 Does dark defection fill thy breast?
 Art thou almost with sorrows slain?
 Yet wait, and look, and look again.

Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy?
 And thund'ring tempests drown thy joy?
 And canst thou not one smile obtain?
 Yet wait, and look, and look again.

Look to the Lord, his word, his throne;
 Look to his grace, and not your own:
 There wait and look, and look again;
 You shall not wait, nor look in vain.

Ere long that happy day will come,
 When I shall reach my blissful home;
 And when to glory I attain,
 O then I'll look, and look again.

HYMN CCLXIV.

I know that my Redeemer lives. Job. xix. 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,

What comfort this sweet sentence gives!

He lives, he lives, who once was dead,

He lives, my ever-living head.

He lives triumphant from the grave,

He lives eternally to save,

He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives to crush the pow'rs of hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.

He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

He lives my kind, my heav'nly Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.

He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives my Jesus still the same;

O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

HYMN CCLXV. *Him.* Acts v. 31.

JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
And sing his everlasting fame:

Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

Of Him what wond'rous things are told,

In Him what glories I behold,

For Him I gladly all things leave;

To Him, my soul, for ever cleave.

In Him my treasure's all contain'd,

By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd;

From Him I all things now receive,

Thro' Him my soul does daily live.

With Him I daily love to walk,

Of Him my soul delights to talk;

In Him I cast my ev'ry care,

Like Him one day I shall appear.

Trust Him, my soul, from day to day,

Trust Him to bring thee on thy way,

Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart,

With Him, O never, never part.

Like Him for strength and righteousness,

Like Him thy refuge in distress,

Give Him above all earthly joy,

And Him in every thing employ.

Praise Him in chearful, grateful songs,
 To Him your highest praise belongs;
 Bless Him who does your heav'n prepare,
 And Him you'll praise for ever there.

H Y M N CCLXVI.

HAPPY the man to whom 'tis giv'n,
 To eat the bread of life in heav'n:
 This happiness in Christ we prove,
 Who feast on his forgiving love.

H Y M N CCLXVII.

FOR all the blessings of the day,
 Humble thanksgiving let us pay:
 And when to endless day we soar,
 Our praise shall be for evermore.

Hail, dear Redeemer, live and reign,
 Thou Lamb, for sinful mankind slain:
 Preserver of the ransom'd race,
 Exalted high in truth and grace.

Our guide thou all the day hast been,
 O save us, Lord, from this day's sin:
 Remain our Saviour still, and be
 Our hope, our guard eternally.

Into thy hands we, sinful dust,
 Our souls commend, our bodies trust:
 Nor doubt we, but our only friend,
 Loves, and will love us to the end.

HYMN CCLXVIII. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

BEGIN, ye saints, the happy song,
 Let love inspire the theme,
 'Tis Jesus's grace
 That calls for our praise,
 'Twas Jesus alone did redeem.
 When justice fix'd the sinner's fate,
 In endless woe to dwell,
 'Twas Jesus that stood
 Resisting to blood,
 And ransom'd the sinner from hell.
 Our only Advocate and Friend,
 The mighty work has wrought;
 When he bow'd his head,
 'Tis finish'd, he said;
 Sinner, exult at the thought!
 Spotless victim to the cross,
 Himself he thus resign'd;
 Then enter'd the grave,
 The wretched to save,
 The poor, and the halt, and the blind.
 Now in bliss our cause he pleads,
 Till we behold his face,
 Unchangeable love,
 To us he will prove,
 Eternal in mercy and grace.

Then let us lift our loudest praise,

To Sion's holy King ;

He's worthy, we own,

Who sits on the throne ;

Hosanna to Jesus we sing.

HYMN CCLXIX. *John i. 14.*

The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us

WHAT joyful news salutes our ears,
From yonder heav'nly choir !

How glorious the song,

Of that happy throng !

To Him, whom all nations desire !

Behold what glories fill the skies !

Hear how they chant his praise !

" Good tidings we bring,

" Great Joy from your King ;

" Fear not," — 'Tis a message of grace.

" All glory be to God ascrib'd ;

Who reigns enthron'd on high ;

" Lo ! peace upon earth ;

At Jesus's birth,

" Good-will unto Men," is their cry.

Hail, " EVERLASTING FATHER," hail !

And yet th' INCARNATE SON ;

Tho' " THE MIGHTY LORD,"

Thy name be ador'd,

An infant in time art become !

Welcome the dear-lov'd, "PRINCE OF PEACE,"

Born that we ne'er might die;

The "COUNSELLOR'S" fame,

Of "WONDERFUL" name,

We sing in a rapture of joy.

Loud hallelujahs reach the sky,

At our IMMANUEL'S birth,

The "ANTIEN'T OF DAYS"

His mercy displays,

While born of a virgin on earth.

H Y M N CCLXX. *Christ Lord of All.*

ALL hail! the great Immanuel's name,

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of All.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,

And, as they tune it, fall

Before his face, who tunes the choir,

And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,

Who from his altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown him Lord of All.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,

Who fix'd this floating ball;

Now hail the strength of Israel's mighty

And crown Him Lord of All.

Ye chosen seed of Isra'ls race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call;
 The God incarnate! Man Divine!
 The crowned Lord of All.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Lét ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
 That bound creation's ball,
 Now shout, in universal song,
 The crowned Lord of All.

H Y M N CCLXXI. *Assurance.*

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'ring to bring:
 The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;

His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet :
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase ;
Imprest on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

HYMN CCLXXII. *Worthy the Lamb.*

GLORY to God on high,
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name !
Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And saints, cry evermore,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

All they around the throne,
Chearfully join in one,
Praising his name.

We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

Join, all the ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:

In him we will rejoice,
Making a chearful noise;
And shout, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name:

To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

H Y M N CCLXXIII. *Grace.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way,
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps did grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

'Twas grace that wrote my name,
In thine eternal book :

'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet,
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow :
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven, the top-moſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul, with ſtrength divine ;
May all my pow'rs to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

Reſtoring and preſerving Grace.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong ;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

To God I cry'd, when troubles rose;
 He heard me, and subdu'd my foes:
 My rising fears he did controul,
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by his hand:
 His words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows, and from sins;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

H Y M N . CCLXXV.

Meditation on God's Love.

WHEN languor and disease invade,
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend,
 The whispers of his love;
 Sweet to look upward to the place,

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine,
My sins on Jesus laid :

Sweet to remember, that his blood,
My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;

Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;

Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;

Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?

Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from thee !

We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;

Worthy the Lamb!

Join, all the ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;

Praise ye his name:

In him we will rejoice,
Making a chearful noise;
And shout, with heart and voice,

Worthy the Lamb!

Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease

Praising his name:

To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,

Worthy the Lamb!

H Y M N CCLXXIII. *Grace.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way,
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps did grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

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'Twas grace that wrote my name,
In thine eternal book :

'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet,
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow :
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven, the top-most stone,
And well deserves the praise.

O let thy grace inspire
My soul, with strength divine ;
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

To God I cry'd, when troubles rose;
 He heard me, and subdu'd my foes:
 My rising fears he did controul,
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by his hand:
 His words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows, and from sins;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

H Y M N - CCLXXV.

Meditation on God's Love.

WHEN languor and disease invade,
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend,
 The whispers of his love;
 Sweet to look upward to the place,
 Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see thy name,
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold,
 Eternal joys mine own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine,
My sins on Jesus laid :

Sweet to remember, that his blood,
My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;

Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;

Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;

Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?

Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from thee !

H Y M N CCLXXVI.

All my Springs are in thee. Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

BLESS the Lord, my soul, and raise,
A glad and grateful song ;
To my dear Redeemer's praise,
For I to Him belong.

He, my goodness, strength, and God,
 In whom I live, and move, and am,
 Paid my ransom with his blood;
 My portion is the Lamb.

Tho' temptations seldom cease,
 Tho' frequent griefs I feel,
 Yet his Spirit whispers peace,
 And he is with me still:
 Weak of body, sick in soul,
 Deprest at heart, and faint with fears,
 His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers.

O my Jesus, thou art mine,
 With all thy grace and pow'r;
 I am now, and shall be thine,
 When time shall be no more:
 Thou reviv'st me by thy death;
 Thy blood from guilt has set me free;
 My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
 And love, are all in thee.

H Y M N COLXXXVII.

Dependance on Christ alone.

IF ever it could come to pass,
 That sheep of Christ might fall away;
 My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
 Would fall a thousand times a day;
 Were not thy love as firm as free,
 Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.

I on thy promises depend,
 (At least, I to depend desire),
 That thou wilt love me to the end,
 Be with me in temptation's fire;
 Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too;
 And guide me right, and bring me through.
 No other stay have I beside;
 If these can alter, I must fall;
 I look to thee to be supply'd,
 With life, with will, with pow'r, with all:
 Rich souls may glory in their store;
 But Jesus will relieve the poor.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

Christ the Believer's All.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross,
 That alone be all our glory;
 All things else are dung and dross;
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good;
 Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour,
 Come to us thro' Jesu's blood.
 Jesus gives us true repentance,
 By his Spirit sent from heav'n;
 Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
 "Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n;"
 Faith he gives us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts his love to prize;

Want we wisdom? he must give it;

Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

Jesus gives us pure affections,

Wills to do what he requires;

Makes us follow his directions,

And what he commands, inspires;

All our pray'rs, and all our praises,

Rightly offer'd in his name,

He that dictates them, is Jesus;

He that answers, is the same.

When we live on Jesu's merit,

Then we worship God aright;

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,

Then we savingly unite:

Hear the whole conclusion of it,

Great or good, whate'er we call,

God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,

Jesus Christ is All in All.

H Y M N CCLXXIX. *The Prodigal.*

NOW for a wond'rous song,

(Keep distance ye profane;

Be silent, each unhallow'd tongue,

Nor turn the truth to bane):

The Prodigal's return'd;

Th' apostate bold and base;

That all his Father's counsels spurn'd,

And long abus'd his grace.

What treatment since he came!

Love tenderly exprest;

What robe is brought to hide his shame!

The best; the very best.

Rich food the servants bring,

Sweet music charms his ears;

See what a beauteous costly ring,

The beggar's finger wears!

Ye elder sons, be still;

Give no bad passion vent;

My brethren, 'tis our Father's will;

And you must be content.

All that he has is yours,

Rejoice then, not repine;

That love, that all your states secures,

That love has alter'd mine.

Good God, are these thy ways!

If rebels thus are freed,

And favour'd with peculiar grace,

Grace must be free indeed.

H Y M N CCLXXX.

Salvation to the Lamb.

DOOR Sinner, come, cast off thy fear,

And raise thy drooping head;

Come, sing with all poor sinners here,

Jesus, who once was dead;

Salvation sing; no word more meet,

To join to Jesu's name;

Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat,

Salvation to the Lamb.

Saints, from the garden to the cross,

Your conqu'ring Lord pursue;

Who dearly to redeem your souls,

Groan'd, bled, and dy'd for you;

Now reigns victorious over death,

The glorious great I AM;

Let ev'ry soul repeat, with faith,

Salvation to the Lamb.

When we incur'd the wrath of God,

(Alas! what could we worse!)

He came, and with his own heart's blood,

Redeem'd us from the curse;

This Paschal Lamb, our heav'nly meat,

Was roasted in the flame;

Repeat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat,

Salvation to the Lamb!

H. Y M N CCLXXXI.

In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened to the House of David, and to the Inhabitants of Jerusalem; for Sin and for Uncleanness. Zec. xii. 1.

THE fountain of Christ,

Assist me to sing,

The blood of our Priest,

Our crucify'd King;

Who perfectly cleanses,

From sin, and from filth;

And richly dispenses,
Salvation and health.

This fountain so dear,
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the spear,
It gush'd from his heart:

With blood, and with water,
The first to atone;
To cleanse us the latter,
The fountain's but One.

This fountain is such,
(As thousands can tell),

The moment we touch
Its streams, we are well;

All waters beside them,
Are full of the curse;

For all that have try'd them,
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

This fountain, sick soul,
Recovers thee quite;

Bathe here, and be whole;
Wash here, and be white;

Whatever diseases,
Or dangers befall,

The fountain from Jesus,
Will rid thee of all.

This fountain from guilt,
Not only makes pure,

And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure;
 But if guilt removed,
 Return and remain,
 Its pow'r may be proved,
 Again, and again.
 This fountain unseal'd,
 Stands open to all,
 That long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small;
 Here's strength for the weakly,
 That hither are led;
 Here's health for the sickly,
 Here's life for the dead.
 This fountain, tho' rich,
 From charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the wretch,
 The welcomer here;
 Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare;
 You can't come too filthy—
 Come just as you are.
 This Fountain in vain,
 Has never been try'd;
 It takes out all stain,
 Whenever apply'd;
 The water flows sweetly,
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 Tho' leprous as mine.

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H Y M N CCLXXXII.

The Name of Jesus.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

Dear name, the Rock on which I build,
 My Shield and Hiding place;
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd,
 With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name,
 Refresh my soul in death.

A a

H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see,
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
 And form'd, by pow'r divine,

To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. *The Pool of Bethesda.*

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year, my helpless soul,
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen,
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

But my complaints remain—
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

Here then, from day to day,
 I'll wait, and hope, and try;
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
 Yet suffer him to die?

No: he is full of grace,
 He never will permit,
 A soul, that fain would see his face,
 To perish at his feet.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

Light shining out of Darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his foot-steps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take,-
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break,
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning Providence,
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

Spiritual Apparel, namely, The Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.

A WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice:
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

'Twas he adorn'd my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine;
 Upon a poor polluted worm,
 He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot,
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around.

How far this heav'nly robes exceeds,
 What earthly princes wear,
 These ornaments, how bright they shine,
 How white the garments are!

The Spirit wrought my faith, my love,
 And hope, and ev'ry grace;
 But Jesus spent his life to work,
 The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, thou art array'd,
 By the great sacred Three!
 In sweetest harmony of praise,
 Let all thy pow'rs agree.

H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

*The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials
 on Earth.*

WHEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I safely reach my home,
 My God, my Heav'n, my All.

Then shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll,
 Across my peaceful breast.

D I S M I S S I O N :

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each, thy love possessing,

Triumph in *Redeeming Grace*.

O refresh us, O refresh us, O, &c.

Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,

For thy *gospel's* joyful sound;

May the fruits of thy salvation,

In our *hearts* and *lives* be found,

May thy presence, &c.

With us evermore be found,

So, whene'er the signal's given,

Us from earth to call away,

Come on angel's wings to heaven,

Glad the summons to obey,

May we ever, &c.

Reign with Christ in endless day.

The Same.

IF Jesus be yours, You have a true Friend,

His goodness endures, The same to the end;

Our tempers may vary, Your comforts decline,

You cannot miscarry, Your aid is divine.

The Same.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend;
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end:
 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

The Same.

SALVATION, O the joyful sound,
 'Tis pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears!
 Salvation, let the echo fly,
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky,
 Conspire to raise the sound!

C H O R U S.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Praise ye the Lord.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word :
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

The Same.

OUR lives, our blood we here present,
 If for thy sake they may be spent;
 Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord,
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

The Same.

GIVE us thy strength, thou God of pow'r,
 Tho' men may scorn, and satan roar,
 Thy faithful witnesses are we;
 'Tis fixt—we can do all through thee.

The Same.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I crave;
 This is the total sum;
 Thy mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
 Lord, let thy mercy come.

The Same.

NO farther go to night, but stay,
 Dear Saviour, 'till the break of day,
 Turn in, dear Lord, with me;
 And in the morning, when I wake,
 Me in thine arms, my Jesus, take,
 And I'll go on with thee.

The Same.

I WILL lay me down to sleep,
 And safely take my rest;
 Me commend to Jesu's grace,
 And lean upon his breast;
 So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
 While troops of angels are my guard;
 O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
 And be my great reward.

The Same.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore;
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore;
 None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
 Nor one on earth, our praise may claim;
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb.

DOXOLOGIES.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below:
 Praise him, above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Join we with the heav'nly host,
 To praise thee evermore:
 Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise, eternal as his love;
 Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
 Our guilt and curse t' remove;
 To that blest Spir't, who life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing hearts,
 Be endless glory, praise, and love.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amidst the heav'nly host,
 And in the church below ;
 From whom all creatures drew their birth,
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son ;
 And to the Spirit of his grace,
 Be equal honours done.

TO God the Father's throne,
 Perpetual honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise ;
 With all our pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing,
 While faith adores.

*The following Verse is sometimes sung as the
 Verse of the 48th Hymn, page 40.*

O may I bear some humble part,
 In that immortal song ;
 Wonder and love shall tune my heart,
 And praise command my tongue.

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H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

Lord remember me.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my voice to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord remember me.

When guilt lies heavy on my heart,
 Thy merits are my plea;
 My pardon speak, and peace impart—
 In love remember me.

From sin's defilement in my soul,
 I pant to be set free;
 To save, and cleanse, and make me whole,
 Dear Lord remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 Lord to my succour flee;
 Give strength according to my day—
 For good remember me.

If, for my love to thy dear name,
 I must reproached be,
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.

When I draw near the vale of death,
 And meet the just decree;
 Saviour with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry remember me.

HYMN CCLXXXIX

Christ unchangeable.

WHAT a changing world is this! **T**
Void of all substantial bliss;

All we see beneath the sun,
In successive changes run;
But our Jesus proves the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

Wisdom, holiness, and might,
Truth and justice are his right;
Boundless goodness, love supreme,
Flow'd eternally from him;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

Abram's bold rebellious race,
Found him full of truth and grace;
Priests and prophets, all have told,
What he did for saints of old;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there;
He will soon our cries attend,
Love and save us to the end;
He will ever prove the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

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H Y M N CCXC.

Kingdom of Christ enlarged.

LET us sing the King Messiah,
 King of righteousness and peace;
 Hail him, all his happy subjects.
 Never let his praises cease;

Ever hail him,
 Rich in mercy, truth and peace.

Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
 Make the word of truth thy car;
 Prosper in thy course majestic,
 All success attend thy war:

Mighty victor,
 Make the world before thee bow.

Majesty, combin'd with meekness,
 Righteousness and peace unite;
 To ensure thy blessed conquests,
 Ascertain, great Prince, thy right;
 Ride triumphant,
 All around the conquer'd globe.

Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
 Pardon, peace, and joy obtain;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescu'd from its galling chain:

Saints and angels,
 All who know thee bless thy reign.

HYMN CCXCI.

Offices of the Holy Spirit.

YE saints begin a cheerful song,
 Ye angels bear a part;
 To the Spirit we raise,
 An anthem of praise,
 Who builds up his throne in our heart.

When sin's malignant poison spread,
 O'er Adam's wretched race,
 This heavenly Dove,
 Came down from above;
 To change them by infinite grace.

'Tis he displays the bleeding cross,
 And prompts us to believe;
 Our pardon he seals,
 And Jesus reveals,
 As able and willing to save.

When satan rises like a flood,
 To deluge us in grief,
 His rage he confounds,
 And sets him his bounds;
 Affording us timely relief.

By him we meet to praise and pray,
 And prove his worship sweet;
 By him we ascend,
 To Jesus our friend;
 And cast down our crowns at his feet.

Now to this heavenly paraclete;

Your choicest off'rings bring;

Amen, and amen;

Repeat it again;

All praise to the Spirit we sing.

H Y M N CCXCH. *Desertion.*

ONCE was my soul indulg'd to prove,

The smiles of Jesu's face;

I know my int'rest in his love,

And triumph'd in his grace.

I thought of hell with fearless heart,

And wanted death to come;

It seem'd so pleasant to depart,

And dwell with Christ at home.

But ah these pleasing hours are fled,

My Lord no more appears;

This strikes my choicest comforts dead,

And fills my soul with fears.

And shall this scene for ever last,

Will Christ return no more?

O lovely Lamb, make haste, make haste,

And former joys restore.

H Y M N CCXCIII. *Distress.*

ONCE more we meet to pray,

Once more our guilt confess;

Turn not, O Lord, thine ears away,

From creatures in distress.

Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry ;
O God ! behold the sinner's friend,
Who intercedes on high.

Tho' we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who liv'd and dy'd for us.

Now let thy bowels yearn,
As they have done before ;
Return to us, O God return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

H Y M N CCXCIV. *Prayer for rain.*

NOW may the Lord of earth and skies,
Regard us when we call ;
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise,
And showers abundant fall.

On thee, our God, we all depend,
For life, and health, and food ;
O make refreshing drops descend,
And crown the year with good.

The evil and the just partake,
These bounties of thy hand ;
Nor will a God of love forsake,
This long indulgent land.

Let grace come down, as copious rain,
On Sion's drooping field ;
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruits abundant yield.

Then smiling nature shall impress,
 Her mighty maker's praise;
 And we, the children of thy grace,
 Join her harmonious lays.

H Y M N CCXCV. *Wet harvest.*

O GOD, whose bounteous hand has crown'd,
 The smiling fields with grain,
 Let not these precious fruits be drown'd,
 With desolating rain.

Command the threatening showers to cease,
 And make the sky serene;
 That this revolving year's increase,
 May all be gather'd in.

Thou, who dost hear the ravens cry,
 Our earnest prayers attend;
 The needy poor with bread supply,
 And all our souls befriend.

We now thy Gospel harvest share,
 But this will soon be past;
 With grace abundant bless us here,
 And save our souls at last.

H Y M N CCXCVI. *Good harvest.*

ONCE more our condescending God,
 Has sent an harvest rich and good,
 Nor cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
 Has spoil'd the produce of the land.

With kindly rays thy favours smile,
On Britain's long befriended isle;
O let this favor'd isle at large,
Her work of gratitude discharge.

We bless thy name for sun and showers,
And all the good that nature pours;
But thy enriching stores of grace
Transcends our highest notes of praise.

Pour out thy gracious spirit Lord,
And spread the influ'nce of thy word;
Till saints a richer harvest rise,
To fill the garner of the skies.

H Y M N CCXCVII. *Close of the year.*

WE raise our Ebenezer here,
With thankful hearts and joyful tongues
For God has crown'd the closing year,
With love that claims our highest songs.

From month to month, from day to day,
Our cup with blessings he did fill;
He led through each intricate way,
And blesses and protects us still.

But, gracious God! it damps our joys,
Our base ingratitude to see;
Amidst such love, such rich supplies,
How seldom do we think of thee!

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Forgive, forgive our mighty guilt,
 Nor let thine anger, Lord, appear;
 Look on the blood the Saviour spilt,
 And let a pardon close the year.

H Y M N CCXCVIII. *Baptism.*

BEHOLD us now assembled Lord,
 Here let thy sacred presence be;
 We are instructed in thy word,
 That children may be brought to thee.

Submissive to thy mild commands,
 We now approach thy gracious throne;
 Receive this infant at our hands,
 And kindly seal him for thine own.

While we baptize him in thy name,
 His native guilt and curse remove;
 Diffuse thy graces through his frame,
 And all thy goodness let him prove.

As olive branches green and fair,
 So to his parents let him be;
 Let him not become a snare,
 To turn away their hearts from thee.

H Y M N CCXCIX. *Closet.*

OR D I from the world retire,
 Let the world retire from me;
 I possess a strong desire,
 To commune awhile with thee.

I have busy been to day,
 Busy with a Martha's heart;
 Now I long to get away,
 To enjoy a Mary's part.

In this secret place thou hast,
 Often eas'd me of my pain;
 And a sense of mercies past,
 Makes me love to come again.

Now thy presence manifest,
 Make with me a lasting stay;
 This will sooth my soul to rest,
 This will turn my night to day.

When I to the world repair,
 With me dearest Saviour be;
 In my various duties there,
 Let me still acknowledge thee.

HYMN CCC.

Woman drawing near the time of travail.

LO, the painful hour's at hand;
 How shall I the trial stand?
 Can I not some promise find,
 To support my feeble mind?

I shall find enough to bear,
 Void of all my fruitless care;
 Jesus let thy power convey,
 Strength proportion'd to my day.

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thou didst travail once in birth,
 or the wretched sons of earth;
 With temptation thou wast try'd,
 thou hast languish'd, groan'd, and dy'd.

et thy travail ease my pain,
 raise my drooping hopes again;
 timely help do thou afford,
 to thy handmaid, dearest Lord.

ests the child, the parents bless,
 With thy sanctifying grace;
 one in love, and one in thee,
 dearest Jesus let us be.

; H Y M N C C C I.

Praise for Deliverance in Child-birth.

O, from the borders of the grave,
 Jesus, thy hand is strong to save,
 And thou hast made it bare!
 deep distress thine handmaid pray'd,
 and thou hast interpos'd thine aid,
 In answer to her prayer.

It was her soul depress'd with fear,
 the expected hour drew near,
 And greatly did she mourn;
 now her gloomy fears depart,
 and smiling mercy melts her heart,
 And former joys return.

Thus favour'd in the time of need,
 Her eyes behold her infant seed,
 And praises fill her tongue;
 Her husband of the joy partakes,
 And now his happy soul awakes,
 To join the grateful song.

H Y M N CCCII.

Prayer for Children.

THOU who a tender parent art,
 Regard a parent's plea;
 My offspring, with an anxious heart,
 I now commend to thee.

My children are my chiefest care,
 A charge which thou hast given;
 In all thy graces let them share,
 And all the joys of heaven.

If a *centurion* could succeed,
 Who for his *servant* cry'd,
 Wilt thou refuse to hear me plead,
 For those so near ally'd?

On me thou hast bestow'd thy grace,
 Be to my children kind;
 Among thy saints give them a place,
 And leave not one behind.

Happy we then shall live below,
 The remnant of our days;
 And when to brighter worlds we go,
 Shall long resound thy praise.

THE END.

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